Katie the Bulky Gets Spanked
(And Other Tales of Hell High)
By Yu May and Dr. Kriege

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Preface

This collection of stories began as a fan fiction I wrote for one of Dr. Kriege's original "Hell High" comics, which featured the character Katie the Bulky. Something about this delightfully bad character struck me, and I was eager to tell my take on the character's story in more detail. Over time, we came to collaborate on telling stories with other characters and scenes within this fictional universe, such as Becky the Brat, and with Dr. Kriege's blessing, we are pleased to bring the first "official" book of tales set in the world of Hell High to the public. Dr. Kriege provided me with creative input on every story included in this collection, and was directly involved in co-authoring several of them. Though related, these standalone short stories were conceived of independently, and so they are here presented with their original titles and chapter subtitles.

At the time of this writing, Dr. Kriege's original comics and art which inspired this fictional universe can be viewed at his personal online gallery on deviantART: https://www.deviantart.com/drkriege

Content warning: these stories prominently feature depictions of corporal punishment, bullying, humiliation, enforced nudity, use of offensive language, and some brief diaper content. Nothing depicting the actions and expressions of the characters in these stories should be viewed as an endorsement by the authors. This work is intended for a mature audience, and contains content that is inappropriate for children.

I hope you will enjoy visiting the world of Hell High as much as I did while writing these stories. Thus, with tongue firmly pressed in cheek, we invite you to read on, or else. Spanks for reading!

–Yu May

Katie The Bulky Gets Spanked
Part 1: Laying Down the Law

Ever since Katie "The Bulky" Bolker graduated secondary school, her parents weren't sure what to do with her. They hadn't expected any of the Ivy League schools to call (not with her grade point average), but they'd at least hoped one of the second tier schools would accept her. But after receiving rejection letter after rejection letter, her Pappa and Mumma were getting nervous. Katie, for her part, kept insisting that she was going to make bank as a "gamer girl livestreamer," whatever that meant. Mr. and Mrs. Bolker never discouraged Katie from pursuing her hobby, but they weren't sure how precisely it was supposed to pay the bills. And being woken up several times a night by the sounds of video game explosions and machine gun fire, along with crass terms for various body parts and other colorful blasphemies, was starting to become slightly stressful.

From upstairs in Katie's room, Pappa and Mumma could make out the muffled sounds of their daughter profusely shouting her favorite 4-letter words. Pappa hid his face behind a newspaper. Mumma hummed to herself as she trimmed her bonsai into the shape of a bunny rabbit.

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Katie the Bulky swore as she mowed down the last of her opponents. "Take that, wankers! And that's the game! Another victory! Bow to your dommy mommy!"

She was easily seven feet tall and broad-shouldered, with a handsome lantern jaw. She wore a single ring in the left nostril of her Romanesque nose, and as the victory music played, she flexed her broad shoulders and toned biceps. She wasn't particularly feminine, and certainly wasn't the sort of classical beauty you'd find painted in the National Gallery, but her hefty, blocky build was not without charm. She wore her black

hair up in a tight bun, but her messy bangs were always falling over one of her eyes. With a puff, she blew away her bangs and read the comments on her livestream.

“Looks like we’ve got almost 900 concurrent Bulkers today! That won’t do, losers! If you want to see some Gamer Grrrl Bubble Bath Action, you better crush that subscribe button like I crush skulls between my thighs, and hit our 1000 Sub “We Are Legion” Stretch Goal!”

Katie clicked the camera control on her streaming software to show off a new camera angle: a view of her bathtub, complete with graphics promising a view of Katie’s bathtime, and an option to pre-order “Dommy Mommy Gamer Grrl Bathwater.”

What the 900 “Bulkers” who regularly watched Katie lacked in number, they made up for with passion. In fact, the more Katie the Bulky degraded and demeaned them, the more eager they were for more! Katie was immensely proud of her set up. Using her parents’ credit card, she had purchased numerous HD cameras, capturing both her face and her gamer gear. She’d even learned how to stream to multiple sites concurrently. She had been very careful to avoid doing anything that would bring down the wrath of the censors on Twitch or YouTube. But a little armpit and sideboob here, a quick glimpse of her muscular butt crack there, and Katie had managed to become a niche internet micro-celebrity!

As was her tradition, Katie chugged a Monster energy drink on camera, wrapped up the all-night stream, and checked her analytics. “Maybe I need another camera angle? I know! A low angle, so I can make it look like I’m stepping on their pathetic faces!” she mused. There was no time to waste!

Stomping downstairs, Katie found her parents cowering behind their traditional English Breakfast, and without a word started rifling through her Mumma’s purse. Pappa

snatched up his newspaper, while Mumma grabbed the table to stop herself from falling over in her seat. “Oh! Katie! How did your livestream go?”

“Went great! I’m crushing it! But I need some more… uh, crisps and fizzy drinks!”

Mumma’s eyes went wide. “Of course! Feel free to take my credit card… but, that’s all you’re buying? No more large purchases… please?” She looked to Pappa for guidance, only to find him trembling behind his copy of the *Times*.

Katie nodded absent-mindedly as she dumped out the contents of the purse and snatched up the credit card. “Yeah, whatever! I’ll just get what I need. Sheesh! I don’t need the third degree!”

As the door slammed shut after Katie, Pappa sighed with relief. “We really need to have a talk with her about the credit card bills. Maybe we need to try some more gentle parenting techniques?”

Mumma considered this suggestion. “Hmm, we’ve tried reasoning with her… we’ve tried showing her the family budget… what other options are there?”

Pappa adjusted his spectacles. “Asking her how her actions make others feel?”

In secondary school, Katie the Bulky had been in the habit of giving other students wedgies, swirlies, noogies, wet willies, and purple-nurples. Many times, she had been sent to the Headmaster’s office, and asked how her actions made others feel. On one occasion, she’d answered the Headmaster by giving him a demonstration of all her techniques at once. Katie was never summoned to the Headmaster’s office again, so her parents concluded that the technique had worked wonders!

With a musical tinkle, the bell rang and the post arrived. Amidst the bills and advertisements, Mumma found a formal letter. “Notice of Acceptance? From Heaven High?”

Pappa peered at the gilded envelope. It was sealed with wax, and impressed with a symbol of pearly gates and clouds. “Hmm? A secondary school?”

Mumma popped the envelope open and began to flip through the contents, enraptured. “No! It’s a University! And they say Katie’s been accepted!”

Pappa strained his memory for the names of the various institutions he’d written applications and cover letters for, on Katie’s behalf. “I don’t recall filling out an application for a Heaven High...”

“This says they accept any and all willing applicants, and just look at these statistics on student performance! They claim any student of Heaven High can beat any Oxford don!”

“It must be some sort of scam. That’s too good to be true. And if they were that good... Katie’s academic record won’t earn her any scholarships!”

But as Mumma opened a second smaller envelope, containing a full-ride scholarship signed by the Headmaster of Heaven High, Pappa’s jaw dropped.

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Greedily, Katie ripped open the box of her brand new HD camera. “Perfect! Now I’ll have every possible angle covered!”

As a student in secondary school, punishing various nerds, geeks, and dorks had given her a sense of purpose in life. After graduating, she'd worried that her life would all be downhill from there. But now she'd found her life's calling: bullying lonely people on the internet, who were happy to pay her for the privilege!

Katie burst through the front door, eager to set up and test the new camera before her next livestream. But first, she needed to refuel! "Where's breakfast?"

Mumma froze, in the middle of scooping the leftovers into tubs to save for later. "Oh, you're just in time! I was just putting it in the fridge for–"

"Ugh! Why would you put it away? I hate cold breakfast!" Katie's huge hand easily snatched the tub away from Mumma's grip. Katie grumbled as she scarfed down the lukewarm breakfast. "I work hard all night, and all I ask is that I get a nice, piping hot breakfast! Is that so much to ask?"

"I'm so sorry your breakfast isn't hot. Your feelings are valid, Katie," cooed Mumma, trying one of her tried and true parenting techniques.

Pappa's eyes went wide at the sight of the HD camera. "Katie, sweetie, is that *another* camera? I'm still behind on payments for the last three..."

Katie silenced her Pappa with a deadly stare. "Well, you're the one who's always telling me that it's important to keep our finances in order! You should be setting a better example!"

"... Yes, dear," said Pappa, before remembering the good news. "Katie! You got an acceptance letter from Heaven High! Along with a full scholarship! Take a look!"

Katie's cheeks bulged as she scarfed down the rest of her breakfast. After examining the various materials, she guffawed, sending beans and eggs flying. "Is this some kind of joke? This says their mission is 'To Bring Peace on Earth, and Good Will Towards Men'? Lame! And this says they still use corporal punishment! Can you believe that? I don't care to have my bum whacked, thank you!"

Mumma and Pappa shared a look. Seeing that Pappa was at a loss for words, Mumma intervened. "Well, your Pappa and I agree that corporal punishment is barbaric and counter-productive, but since you're an adult, we thought you might consider it anyway… it is the first school to write to you!"

Katie swallowed her breakfast in a single gulp, then belched. "Just look at all these dorky robes they're wearing. What a bunch of losers!"

Pappa suddenly had a flash of inspiration. "Well, when I was in boarding school we used to have a little harmless fun with the first-year students. Back then, it was called 'fagging.' Maybe you could have a little… harmless fun with the students there?"

Katie considered this. The idea of delivering good, old-fashioned atomic wedgies again was rather appealing. But something about all the happy and smiling faces in the brochure made her feel ill. With a flick of her wrist, she tossed the letter like a frisbee, right into the bin, then raised both of her middle fingers. "I'd rather go to Hell!"

At that precise moment, the bells of the neighboring church began to chime. With a yawn, Katie tossed aside her dirty dishes and made her way to the stairs. "Well, I've got to set up for my next livestream. Remember, no noise while I'm working!"

Not sure what else to do, Pappa hid himself behind his newspaper, and Mumma began to collect Katie's dishes from the table. But as she brushed aside the mail, a thick,

blood-red envelope caught her eye. Stamped across the front of the envelope were the words, “Go to Hell!” in solid black, block letters.

“What an eye-catching design. How *avant-garde,”* said Mumma as she popped open the letter. Then she squeaked. “Pappa! Katie got accepted to another University! With a full ride scholarship!”

“It’s not Dotheboys Hall, I suppose?”

“No! Better than that! It’s Hell High!”

Across the top of the brochure, the words “Better to Rule in Hell Than Serve in Heaven” were written in flaming letters, above a handsome illustration of scantily clad men and women wearing scholar caps, riding a sports car and firing machine guns. In the background, a Gothic cathedral was engulfed in a fiery explosion.

Pappa sighed. “Not another one of these scams. They’re probably unaccredited…”

Mumma shook her head. “No! Just look! Some of the most intelligent men and women in all of history went to Hell! And apparently the disciplinary program was designed by the Marquis de Sade himself!”

Pappa sniffed as he flipped through the pages, shocked by the detailed descriptions of various implements used for corporal punishment at the school. Some of them looked like medieval implements of torture. “A Frenchman? I don’t know, Mumma. That other school favored traditional corporal punishment too, and Katie seemed dead set against it.”

Mumma gestured to a pamphlet describing the Mission of Hell High. “But that’s just it! It’s not a traditional program at all. It’s very experimental and forward-thinking. Look here: it says, ‘There are No Rules at Hell High.*’”

“Then what’s that asterisk?”

Mumma flipped to the back of the pamphlet and found several pages of tightly written legal notices in fine print. Pulling out her reading glasses, she strained her eyes and was able to make out some of it. “Well, the first asterisk says, ‘The Only Rule is ‘Do What Thou Wilt.’ It seems like you don’t get punished for ‘being bad’ at Hell High. In fact, each student is encouraged to tease and punish the other students as much as possible. It sort of sounds like what you were talking about at boarding school. A bit of harmless fagging! Just like Katie used to do to those first-year students who all went to the insane asylum!”

Pappa shook his head. “Katie seems more focused on her… gaming career. I’m not sure she’d be interested.”

“Then why did she sign the Offer of Acceptance?”

“What are you talking about? She can’t have done. This only just arrived with the post this morning!”

But sure enough, there at the bottom of the letter was the scrawled signature, in blood red ink. “Katie ‘The Bulky’ Bolker.” Next to it, the date had been printed in Katie’s unmistakable chicken-scratch handwriting.

Pappa and Mumma spent the rest of the morning poring through the materials from Hell High. To their surprise, the bulky young woman pictured in most of the

illustrations in the extensive booklet on corporal punishment bore a striking resemblance to Katie.

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After Katie finished setting up her newest camera, which beautifully highlighted her great, big feet, and her powerful, Amazonian figure, she tested her streaming software and scheduled her next livestream: "This Is What a *Winner* Looks Like!!! [#KatieTheBulky]." Then she double checked the angle on the camera she'd set up in the bathroom. As far as Katie was concerned, YouTube and Twitch's rules for suggestive content were absurdly prudish, but she had prepared a workaround. For the main livestream, she would teasingly step into the bathtub, while carefully concealing any nudity. The low angle of the camera would show her shoulders and some cleavage, but she was sure she could evade a ban from the major platforms. Then, she would encourage her biggest fans to follow her on alternative streaming platforms, with less strict content moderation, for the second, spicier camera angle.

She overheard her parents chatting animatedly about some school or other, and scoffed. "Probably another dorky religious school!"

After her long night of gaming, Katie took a power nap, not bothering to change out of her grungy, sweaty clothes from yesterday. She dreamed sweet dreams of her days in secondary school. Katie never bothered to learn the names of her classmates, but she remembered all her loving nicknames for them, like "Dingus #2," "Dweeb #8," and who could forget "Doofus #13"?

Katie smiled in her sleep, reliving the time she'd spanked Doofus #13's bare fanny in front of the entire debate club, before ordering the rest of the club members to line up and await their turn. After Katie had cat-called the debate club at a school pep rally, forever dubbing them "The Master Debaters," the Headmaster had proposed that Katie

should participate in the debate club for a semester, to help Katie learn to appreciate the value of debate!

And sure enough, Katie had *loved* debate club! On her first day, she suggested that the club officially be renamed "The Master Debaters." The nerds had protested, but after Katie had spanked each and every one of them, the proposal passed unanimously. Katie had won the debate!

In Katie's dream, she relished the memory of Doofus #13's pimply, four-eyed, brace-face as she crawled towards Katie the Bulky on her knees, begging to be spared a second spanking. "You should have thought of that before you opposed the name change!" guffawed Katie, as she roughly pulled the nerd over her lap and ripped off Doofus #13's skirt, revealing a scrawny little bottom that was just begging to be spanked. Under Katie's orders, the rest of the debate club had pulled out their phones to photograph and shoot video of the "debate," to be shared later on the debate club's social media accounts.

"Say, what's the name of that nerd on Math Club? The one Doofus #13 likes so much? Ah, whatever, let's just call him Nerd #23. I think he'd be interested in your recent 'debate performance.'"

"Nooo! Please don't show him! I don't want him to see me like this!" whined Doofus #13, before Katie pulled up Doofus #13's SpongeBob-SquarePants-themed panties by the waistband into a taut wedgie, and continued the spanking with renewed vigor. Usually, Doofus #13 wore a modest schoolgirl uniform with thigh-high socks. That night, Doofus #13 was forced to run home wearing nothing but her thigh-high socks.

As a consequence, Katie was forced to spend an entire day in a restorative justice session, sitting in a room with Doofus #13, so they could both discuss their feelings with a school guidance counselor. The next day, video circulated on social media of Doofus

#13 hanging by her panties in the boy's locker room with a blueish-purple, bruised bottom, and a paper sign dangling around her neck that said, "Spank the Stool Pigeon!" No one at debate club ever complained about Katie the Bulky ever again, so the Headmaster concluded that the restorative justice session had worked wonders!

In her sleep, Katie licked her lips as she revisited all the times she'd spanked Doofus #13 that year. Alone among all the nerds at Katie's school, Doofus #13 had earned the honor of being given a second, cooler nickname: "Lil' Miss Spanky Pants!"

But something was different about this dream. In addition to the usual sort of scenes, (pantsing and photographing nerds' in their underpants, hanging nerds from the flagpole by their underpants, making nerds eat their underpants, etc), Katie the Bulky found she had become Professor Katie the Bulky. Dressed in her black robes, she delivered paddlings, strappings, and canings to students in her office. Outside her office, a queue of crying boys and girls awaited their turn, watching each student emerge from Professor Katie the Bulky's office bawling and blubbering with a bare, burning, blistered, bruised buttocks, beaten black and blue!

The beautiful dream went on and on, and when Katie awoke, she yawned and stretched. That had been the most refreshing nap she'd ever had! One day, after she'd become a multi-millionaire from streaming, she should buy a University, just so she could appoint herself Headmistress and make that dream a reality!

Katie rolled out of bed, and checked her clock. "Oh, Hell! I slept in!" With only a few minutes before her scheduled livestream, Katie quickly booted up her game and made a final check of her earpiece, mic, and software. Some anonymous viewer had already left a comment: "Come on, Bulkster, give us a show!"

"Fuck you!" typed Katie, her traditional polite greeting to her loyal fans. "I'll give you a show when I'm good and ready."

She clicked on a graphic to advertise the “Gamer Grrl Bubble Bath” reward for reaching 1000 concurrent viewers. Noticing that she was now over a minute late to start the stream, Katie considered going live immediately, but as she saw more eager comments pouring in, a devilish idea occurred to her. “Keep ‘em waiting! Nothing like building anticipation!”

Just for fun, she responded to each comment asking when the stream would start with a different rude response. As she finished typing a deliciously demeaning dig to one of her most loyal supporters, Katie the Bulky heard a rap-tap-tap at her door.

Mumma’s sweet voice called from behind the door. “Katie, dear, we have good news for you!”

Katie hovered her finger over the mouse, ready to click and go live as soon as her parents stopped pestering her. As she turned to face the door, Katie’s fat finger pressed against the mouse slightly harder than she meant to. Silently, the words “You Are Live!” popped onto her screen as she turned her head away and bellowed. “I told you guys, no noise when I’m livestreaming!”

Pappa chimed in. “This is very important, honey. We need to talk about your new school. We have some work to do this summer!”

Katie growled. “Not this again! I told you, I’m going to be a full-time content creator! Now, buzz off!”

Katie turned back towards her screen, but she missed the notification that her stream was now live. Instead, a comment caught her eye. “Are your parents there?”

Odd question, Katie thought. But she typed a quick response. “Yeah they’re here. They won’t stop pestering me. I’m gonna tell em to fuck off then start the livestream.”

Outside, Pappa cleared his throat, as if steeling himself. “Katie, we need you to pause your livestream and meet with us. We’re really happy you found a school you like, but we need to discuss some new household rules, to help you succeed there...”

Katie narrowed her eyes, and spun in her chair. She just missed the commenter's reply: “I can hear them! They sound so nice!”

“Are you still on about that gorky Heaven High? I already told you, I’d rather go to Hell!”

“We know!” answered Mumma, cheerfully.

Katie sighed. “Whatever... Come in, I guess!”

Mumma and Pappa let themselves in, stepping over empty bags of crisps and half-finished cans of energy drinks. Katie didn’t bother to stand up, but even seated, she was still at eye-level with both her parents. Mumma was holding a heavy duffel bag in one hand, and a bright red envelope in her other hand. Pappa surveyed the mess, then cleared his throat. “Katie, first I want to congratulate you on getting into the school of your choice, on a full ride scholarship!”

Barely containing her girlish excitement, Mumma pulled an official looking document out of the red envelope and held it up. “We’re so proud of you!”

Katie blinked, then examined the letter. “Wuh? I actually got accepted somewhere? I never expected that.”

She peered carefully at her own signature at the bottom of the page. “Weird, I don’t remember signing that? Must have slipped my mind.”

Pappa held out a hand to shake, but Katie ignored it, as she began to flip through the school brochure. To her delight, she found image after image of students being ruthlessly hazed. “Huh, this school looks pretty rad, I guess. What the heck! I’ll give it a shot! Anyway, I’ve got a livestream to start, so get out of my room.”

Pappa finally gave up and let his hand drop. “About that, we’ll actually need you to take a break from video games for a bit. We want you to get off to a good start at your new school, so there will have to be a few… lifestyle changes around here. We want you to be prepared for the rigors of the curriculum.”

With a groan, Katie leaned back in her gamer chair and spun around. She caught a quick glimpse of several new questions popping up in the comment section, and quickly typed, “Hold your horses!” without reading them. Then Katie turned back around to finish dealing with this annoying interruption to her schedule. “Fine. I gotta do some summer homework? I’ve got all summer! I’ll just get to it a few weeks before class starts!”

“It’s more a matter of mindset. You see, ever since you were little, your Mumma and I favored gentle parenting. But now that you’re starting at a school that uses the cane, we think we need to provide you with more… discipline and structure, from now on.”

At the mention of the cane, Katie inspected the brochure more closely. “This says they don’t have a bunch of stuffy, traditional rules. I can do whatever I want there.”

At a nudge from Mumma, Pappa pressed his point. “Yes, but the students and staff apparently use corporal punishment as a sort of… community-building exercise.

Paddling, hazing, tests of endurance, that sort of thing. We want to make sure you're ready to face that kind of treatment."

Katie yawned. "I think I can handle anything those dorks can throw at me."

"Yes, but we also want to encourage you to have more self-discipline for *our* sake. Katie Bolker, we have never spanked you before, but your mother and I have decided to start spanking you."

Katie sneered. "... What? Is this a joke?"

Mumma shook her head, beaming. "Today is the start of a new chapter in your life, with more responsibility and accountability. By the end of the summer, we plan to have you smartened up and ready for University!"

Teasingly, Katie lifted her plump rump and delivered a few swats to her own bottom. "So, you're gonna spank me, to make sure I'm tough enough to 'cane it' at school? Tch! I can do that myself, without your help!"

Pappa nodded to Mumma, and she pulled another envelope from her duffel bag. "Katie, we want to start by talking about this credit card bill. You've made several purchases without our permission, and you bought this camera *after* we explicitly asked you not to use our credit card again."

Katie snorted and pointed to her newest camera with her big toe. "I bought *two* cameras after that, not one, because I needed them! I do what I want!"

Pappa's lip trembled. "Well, Katie, because you disobeyed us, we've decided to give you your first spanking today. If you are a good girl, we can have this sorry business over

quickly. But if you are a bad girl, we're prepared to use stricter methods of punishment, as recommended by the disciplinary program for your new school."

Finally, Katie the Bulky stood up, towering over both her parents. She considered picking them both up by the scruff of their necks and throwing them out, but a devious idea occurred to her. "You know what? Go ahead! Do your worst!"

Pappa shook his head with a mix of relief and disbelief. "Really? You'll obey my authority?"

He shuffled towards Katie's bed, nearly tripping over the junk strewn across her floor, and seated himself on her mattress.

Katie scratched her butt cheek casually. "Sure I will. I'll take whatever spanking you decide to give me!"

Then, she threw herself bodily onto her bed, landing across her Pappa's lap with a heavy "Whumph!"

Pappa's face turned purple as he had the wind knocked out of him. "Oof! ... Very well. I'm sorry to have to do this, Katie, but I'm going to give you a smacking. Be brave, and lie still, and it will all be over soon!"

With that, Mr. Bolker wrapped one arm across Katie's thickly muscled back, raised his other hand high, and brought it down sharply across the seat of her tight, thin shorts.

Katie felt the pop, and tensed her shoulders. To her delight, she heard her Pappa gasp in protest thanks to the sting to his own palm. Katie grinned to herself. She would wait this out, and when Pappa couldn't take anymore, she would stand up and return to her

game without another word. Even a dullard like Pappa would see this was a pointless exercise!

Mumma settled herself in Katie's gamer chair and rested her duffel bag on her lap. "Go on, dear. It's just like a handshake. You've got to make a strong first impression!"

Katie scoffed, but before she could think of a cutting remark, she heard a soft buzz from her earbud. It was the notification alert that indicated she got a new subscriber. *"Nice!"* thought Katie.

Pappa's second swat took her by surprise. "Oop!" huffed Katie. Two alerts went off in her earpiece. *"Huh, people must be really eager for this livestream to start,"* she mused.

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Meanwhile, on the internet, Katie the Bulky's commenters were having a furious argument about whether or not this latest livestream was an elaborate prank. A few of her most loyal fans posted links to Katie's other livestream platforms, and username "#1BulkerStan" boasted that he screen recorded every single Katie the Bulky stream, just in case, and he'd never seen a stream this amazing!

Katie the Bulky had a total of 7 HD cameras in her bedroom, 6 of which were now active and recording. In addition to her face camera, which also provided a nice view of her short-clad caboose as the spanking progressed, her "Send Feet Pics" camera captured a low-angle view of her bed. Katie had two more cameras which she mostly used to capture footage when she played console games on her telly, or when she just felt like using her bed instead of her elite gamer chair. Her most loyal viewers had helped Katie's parents pay for these cameras, and had even suggested some of the artistic angles, so that Katie was always in view no matter where she was seated in the room. Another camera was situated on the ceiling to provide a birds-eye view of the room (as well as Katie's

cleavage when she was at her desk), and a sixth, nicknamed the "Thigh Crusher" had been angled to show off her legs, whether she was seated at her gamer chair, or on her bed. Usually, Katie used her streaming software to highlight her preferred angle, switching as needed to celebrate another victory or reward her donors. Subscribers who donated $10 or more could even pick a new camera angle, sometimes leading to bidding wars between those who preferred the camera to focus on Katie's ass or Katie's tits (and starting today, Katie's feet)!

The seventh camera (which Katie had also bought after her parents explicitly told her not to) was seated on her bedside table, awaiting the moment Katie would meet her 1000-concurrent-watcher goal. She had already set up a bluetooth connection so that, the moment the goal was reached, she could activate the camera, and have it become the new primary camera for the Twitch and YouTube streams. Her plan had been to walk to the bathroom with the camera to tease the very first "Gamer Girl Bubble Bath" stream (which of course, had its own two specially dedicated cameras). She'd also seen hilarious prank videos that involved accosting and threatening random people, only to announce, "It's just a prank, bro!" and she was dying to film similar content with the new handheld.

Since each of her cameras had been partially paid for by viewer donations, as a reward for reaching stretch goals, Katie had also used her parents' credit card to sign up for automatic cloud backup services. All the cameras streamed directly to backup folders in the cloud, which were only accessible to Katie herself... and a few of her patrons on Patreon. Furthermore, Katie simulcast the various camera angles to multiple streaming services, hoping to build her audience across platforms.

Amongst her loyal fans, it was universally acknowledged that Katie the Bulky had one of the most expensive and meticulous set-ups in gamer history!

Oblivious to all this, Mr. Bolker carried on delivering limp-wristed slaps to his gargantuan daughters' gigantic derriere.

Slowly, oh so slowly, he attempted to increase the tempo and intensity of the smacks.

And slowly, oh so slowly, users across the World Wide Web began to take notice.

A first-time viewer joined the livestream chat, with username "Lil' Miss Spanky Pants."

"Katie the Bulky? Is that you? It's me, Doofus #13! You remember me from secondary school?"

A few commenters welcomed the new viewer, asking her about her strange username and about her time with Katie at school. Doofus #13 typed a few answers before the live video feed caught her eye. "Huh? What kind of gaming stream is this?"

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Katie the Bulky grimaced as she felt her Pappa land another dozen swats. Initially, her only worry was that this would be boring, but she had to admit Pappa was putting his heart into this spanking. Setting her jaw, Katie determined to not let a sound escape her lips.

"Try to put more of your shoulder into it, Pappa," suggested Mumma.

Pappa tried raising his arm high, and after landing the smack, was pleased to see ripples traveling through his daughter's backside. "But I thought the phrase was supposed to be, 'It's all in the wrist'?"

Mumma nodded. “They do say that, but you should still use your shoulder. Then use your wrist to add a bit more pep to it at the end, like throwing a cricket ball!”

As Katie the Bulky felt her father put both his shoulder and his wrist into the next spank, she hummed, and twisted her feet across each other. She just had to hold out a little bit longer!

Pappa noticed Katie rubbing her feet together. Somehow, the sight of his daughter laying across his lap reminded him of the Minnie the Minx comics he used to read as a boy. Like Katie, Minnie the Minx was always getting into some sort of mischief, but the comics usually ended with Minnie going across the knee of a parent or teacher as the punchline.

Ever since Katie had thrown a temper tantrum in the supermarket at age two, and thus won an argument with him, he had never known what to do with her. Now, for the first time in his life, he felt he understood what it meant to be “Katie’s Father.” As he landed another slap with his full arm, he wondered why he’d never thought to try this before.

Katie clenched and unclenched her fists, digging her nails into the blanket of her messy, unmade bed. With an effort, she was sure she could still grit her teeth and endure her first spanking silently, but Katie was getting impatient. Sure, it’d be fun to show off by letting this go on, until Pappa lost the battle of wills, like he always did. But since Katie was sure she was going to win the battle of wills anyway, she decided she might as well win it right now!

“Ooch! Okay! Fine, you’ve made your point!” Katie hissed, as she forcefully lifted herself up off Pappa’s lap, easily jamming his wrist as he failed to hold her down. No longer caring about her initial plan to act cool, Katie massaged her warm behind furiously. To her relief, the sting was already starting to fade. Who cared if they knew the spanking hurt a bit? It wasn’t like she was going to let them ever do it again!

For a moment, Mr. Bulker rubbed his sore wrist, quailing under Katie the Bulky's ferocious glare. He wondered if Katie was going to spank him! But Mumma shook her head. "Katie, this spanking is not over. You don't get to just stand up and say it's finished when you feel like it. Pappa told you to be a good girl, and this would be over quickly. But now, I'm afraid you've earnt another spanking, thanks to your disobedience!"

Katie rolled her eyes, then turned to sit back in her gamer chair. Once she started gaming, she could turn up the volume and drown out this pointless interruption. "Sure! Go ahead and put me across your knee. I'd like to see you... try?"

On her desk, the acceptance letter caught her eye. The light from her desktop monitor seemed to illuminate the blood-red signature at the bottom of the page with an eerie glow. "I hereby agree to follow the Code of Conduct for Hell High. –Katie 'The Bulky' Bolker."

With a brisk motion, Mumma unfastened the button and zipper of Katie's shorts, and tugged them down to Katie's knees, then spun Katie around to face her Pappa's lap again, guiding her daughter forwards with a gentle nudge. Katie felt the hairs on her unshaven legs stand on end as she lost her grip on the shorts. It was as though she was too weak to resist! Peeking behind her, Katie noticed that she was wearing one of her lucky pairs of gamer girl panties today. Stamped across her green-and-yellow cotton underpants were the words "I'm the Boss!" in colorful block letters. Below the slogan was a picture of King Bowser, the video game villain of *Super Mario Bros.* fame, and one of Katie the Bulky's childhood idols.

Katie the Bulky started to protest, only to stumble and flop forwards, right back on top of Pappa's lap. The cotton fabric stretched dangerously as Katie's curvy buns were bent

taut across her father's thigh. "Hey! What are you doing? We're done with spanking today!" bellowed Katie, stupidly.

Furious, Katie pressed her hands into the mattress, straining her toned biceps to lift herself back up... but something was wrong. It was as though Pappa had gained the strength of ten men, without him even noticing it.

Katie heard the sound of a zipper, and twisted to see Mumma opening the duffel bag and retrieving a red wooden hairbrush. As a novelty, the words "Keep Calm, and Carry On" were printed across the back in white letters. Mumma handed it to Pappa with an encouraging nod. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again, dear!"

"No, no, no!!!" roared Katie.

"Crack! Crack!! Crack!!!!" replied the wooden hairbrush.

"Ow, ow, ow!!!" answered Katie.

Seething, Katie twisted and strained, but to no avail. Before Katie could wrap her brain about the absurdity of her situation, she heard an angry buzzing building in her ear, matching the angry buzzing she felt building in her rear.

"More subscriber notifications? But I never get that many all at once?" she thought, before another spank took her mind off of her gaming career.

"Do you think this will make the proper impression? I really do feel sorry for poor Katie," mused Pappa, as he continued to paddle his daughter without missing a beat.

"The hairbrush certainly seems to be working. At least, judging by Katie's reaction to it. Hopefully, this will suffice, and we won't have to use any of the advanced techniques

from Hell High's recommended list of disciplinary measures. Katie, are you ready to be a good girl?"

"Fuck you both!" screeched Katie, her voice unintentionally going shrill. She threw up both middle fingers, which always got her parents to shut up when they were being obnoxious.

"... Oh, dear. I'm so sorry, Katie," Pappa answered meekly, as he patted Katie's back and let her up.

Katie hissed as she felt her gamer girl underpants stretch and chafe across her tremendous, tingling tushie. "What the Hell? You damn well *better* be sorry, mother fucker!"

As Katie caught her breath, she felt her competitive gamer instincts activate. Her plan had worked! Of course, her parents knew they couldn't push her around. She was bigger than both of them put together! Preparing to spank her Mumma and Pappa as revenge, Katie rolled up her sleeves, and pointed authoritatively towards her bed. She wouldn't stop until she showed them both who was boss around here! "All right, that does it! Now it's your turn for a real arse whipping! Both of you strip down and bend over. I'm going to spank both of you faggots, until you're red and raw. Now, stick out your asses!"

But as Katie rounded on Mumma, the little woman lightly pinched her daughter's face with one hand, squeezing Katie's cheeks tight between her thumb and fingers. "Tut, tut, tut, Katie *Bulke* Bolker. We'll have to cure you of that potty mouth!"

With that, Mumma pulled a cake of yellow soap out of the duffel bag, and held it up for Katie to examine. Knowing what to expect, Katie pursed her lips tight shut. But no matter how Katie pulled against her Mumma's grasp, it was as if her face was caught in a vice. With a sigh, Mumma released her grip and pinched Katie tightly by the nose. Katie

held her breath, unable to resist as Mumma gently lifted her nose towards the air, forcing Katie to tilt her head back. Katie could see the yellow soap out of the corner of her eye, and felt her face turning blue. With a gasp, Katie took a breath, only for Mumma to press the soap in place and release her hold on Katie's nose. Katie practically inhaled the whole bar!

Her eyes stinging, Katie tried to spit out the soap bar, but it was fixed firmly to her tongue. *"What's happening to me? I need to gag, but I can't spit it out!"* thought Katie, tears of frustration blurring her vision.

Then, she heard church bells ringing outside. Turning to look, she saw the letter from Hell High fluttering softly on her desk, although the window was shut tight and there was no breeze. Her signature on the bottom of the page seemed to glow with a fiery inner light.

At long last, Katie finally saw what was on her desktop monitor. Dozens of comments were appearing on her livestream feed...

No, not dozens, scores of comments, flying up the screen with each passing second! The buzzing in her ear began to build to a steady rhythm. New subscribers were pouring in!

And there was her own stupefied face staring back at her from the screen. She was live!

Katie saw her legs trembling, her shorts tangled around her knees, her Bowser boxers fully visible in the camera view. As Katie turned to explain the situation to her mother, she felt soap suds drizzling down her tongue and choked.

As Mumma guided Katie towards her bed by the elbow, Pappa adjusted his seat so that he occupied one side of the bed on Katie's left. With an elegant spin on her heels,

Mumma bent her giantess of a daughter over the bed with ease. Katie found herself trapped between her Pappa on her left side, and her Mumma to her right.

It was as if Katie the Bulky was no more than a toy doll, and Mumma planned to play house with Pappa by spanking her dolly. “Mmrrmph! Mpheew caaampht!” sputtered Katie the Bulky, as her parents each pinned one of her thighs in place between their own legs to pull Katie into a spread eagle position.

As their knees lifted Katie’s hips up at a taut angle, she glanced back behind her left shoulder to spot the red light of the camera above her telly, and heard a notification in her earpiece alerting her that a livestream viewer had just made a donation. Twisting her head right, she saw the main camera switch to the camera that centered on her bed mattress, meaning her “I’m the Boss!” underpants were now front and center, stealing the show!

Mumma reached into the duffel bag again, and produced one of her Pappa’s leather slippers. “Pappa? Be a dear and give me a turn with the wooden hairbrush. I have just the weapon for you, my knight in shining armor!”

Pappa beamed as he accepted the slipper. “An excellent suggestion. I don’t know what I’d do without you, my better half!”

Katie tensed as she glimpsed what was happening on the screen out of the corner of her eye. She saw Pappa and Mumma stretch their arms, but thanks to the delay caused by the internet connection, they still managed to take her by surprise. No sooner did Katie spot them raising their implements high on the stream than the actual spanks landed in reality! Frothy soap suds flew from Katie’s lips as she wailed, splattering against the wall in front of her face.

“Pappa, please explain the next step of the Hell High program to your daughter, while you have her attention!”

“Thank you for reminding me! Katie, we didn’t want to have to do this, but the guidelines make it clear that, in the event that ordinary forms of corporal punishment prove ineffective, the advanced techniques from the Hell High Disciplinary Program should be put into effect immediately. Since you say you want to go to Hell, your Mumma and I will do everything we can to help you, no matter what it takes! We’re going to *put you* through Hell, and that’s a promise!”

Her temper flaring, Katie tried to scream another f-bomb, only to swallow some soap bubbles by mistake. “Ffffuuuupph… kkguhg!!!””

Pappa answered as if she had politely asked him to explain these new rules to her. “Well, Katie, I think we’ll start by giving you what the book calls a ‘regularly-scheduled maintenance spanking’ on the first day of every month. According to Hell High, it should help remind you of your place in the household, and encourage you to submit to our authority. Do you think that would be enough to keep you in line?”

Katie struggled, and managed to wheeze out what was unmistakably supposed to be, “No, fuck you!” despite the bar of soap.

“Oh, dear. Then I suppose that we’ll have to give you a maintenance spanking once a week, on Sundays. Will that be enough?”

Katie beat her fists against the mattress, just like she’d done when she was two years old and Pappa wouldn’t buy her anything she wanted. That strategy had always worked in the past! Fighting past the soap bar, she tried to scream, “No! I’m going to fucking kill you!”

Pappa made out the word, “No,” and sighed with disappointment. He hated having to see his only daughter in such deep distress, but it seemed he had no choice. “Very well. In that case, we’ll need to give you a regularly-scheduled maintenance spanking once a day, each and every day. If you are a good little girl, it will be the only spanking you get that day. But we will also have to give you spankings for being a naughty little girl. From now on, disobedience, disrespect, and dishonesty all equal a spanking!”

Her face burning red, Katie the Bulky forgot all pretense of pride. “Mmmooooooh, thhhtooooppffth!!!” She clawed at the walls, looking for a handhold, and found none. Then she twisted her hips, looking for a foothold, and found none. Finally, she flailed her arms uselessly against her parents’ backs, and kicked up her feet to shield her bottom, only to find her legs pinned at the knees.

Pappa and Mumma each landed their second set of spanks together, then a third, and a fourth. The “I’m the Boss!” boxers started to ride up, giving Katie a wedgie that exposed the glistening, pink undercurves of her ass cheeks. After delivering ten sets of spanks in perfect synch, Pappa and Mumma fell into a new rhythm, each taking turns in a steady one-two-one-two pattern. It reminded them of their first romantic waltz together!

After two minutes of steady paddling, Katie had been reduced to a heaving, sobbing mess. The image of Bowser had disappeared, completely swallowed by Katie’s butt crack as the wedgie rode higher and higher. The pink marks across her ass had deepened to the same cheerful shade of red as the “Keep Calm and Carry On” hairbrush.

Finally, the spanking stopped, and Katie found herself too weak to lift herself up. The acrid taste of soap assaulted every single one of her 10,000 taste buds, and she felt thick snot and soapy drool dribbling down the front of her face.

Then, to her surprise, she felt two comforting hands.

Pappa patted her shoulder. “There, there, Katie, your first spanking is all over.”

Mumma rubbed circles across the small of her daughter’s back. “We’re sorry we had to do that!”

Desperately wanting to stand up, Katie felt her legs buckle under her, but Pappa gently guided her up and into his lap. Although she towered several feet over him, Katie was oddly reminded of her happy memories of sitting on his lap as a toddler, before she’d started to resent him for not buying her things. “Katie, we want you to know that we never want to spank you unless we need to. At Hell High, you can expect a spanking like just that at any time and for any reason. But here at home, we’ll never punish you if you are being good! … Well, except for your daily maintenance spankings.”

The meaning of the words didn’t quite register, but Katie felt the warmth in her father’s voice. She felt… safe, and loved! More than she could ever remember feeling in a long time. She tried to say, “I’ll be good!” but all she could manage with the soap bar still in her mouth was, “Aw… bee… goo!”

Mumma kissed Katie lightly on the forehead. “Good girl! Today is a fresh start for you, Katie. We’re leaving all the past behind us. We now realize that by spoiling you in the past, we both let you down. We won’t make the same mistake ever again. From now on, we’re going to raise you right, Katie Bulke Bolker, starting over from the beginning!”

Katie blinked. *“Raise me right? Starting over from the beginning?”* she thought.

As Pappa lightly lifted her up, Katie felt like a baby, safe in his arms, but something was wrong. This didn’t make sense. Pappa *couldn’t* pick her up! She wasn’t a baby anymore!

Then, she finally connected the dots, all at once. The soap she couldn’t spit out… her parents’ unusual strength… the acceptance letter! Snapping her head up, Katie the Bulky

reached for the letter, only to see it move further from her reach as Pappa carried her towards her bedroom door.

The words at the top of the page faded, and new burning letters took their place: “See you at Hell High next semester!”

“After your bath time, I’m putting you down for a nap,” cooed Mumma.

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Fascinated by what she was watching, Lil’ Miss Spanky Pants, AKA Doofus #13, called to her boyfriend, Nerd #23. “Honey? Come see this. Do you remember Katie the Bulky?”

“That psycho who tortured you all through secondary school? What about her?”

“I think she was doing a livestream and forgot to turn it off. Now her parents are giving her a spanking.”

“Serves her right. Why are you watching her? She was horrible to you!”

Doofus #13 blushed at the memory of her humiliation. “Well, yes, but if she hadn’t sent you that video of me… losing to her in debate club, would you have ever known I wanted you to ask me out?”

Nerd #23 shrugged. “I’d been wanting to ask you out for months before she sent me those videos. Besides, it’s probably just a publicity stunt. I bet she has a composition notebook stuffed down her pants or something.”

“I dunno, it sure looked real.”

“Well, why don’t you let me take you out to lunch to take your mind off her? No sense rewarding someone like Katie the Bulky with clicks and views!”

Doofus #13 beamed, happy to have found someone who loved her for who she was. “Ok, sweetie! I’ll let you take me out!”

But before she could close the stream, Doofus #13 saw the bar indicating how close Katie the Bulky was to reaching 1000 concurrent viewers, and remembered the private Facebook group dedicated to helping victims of bullying. Half of the members were former victims of Katie the Bulky. After making a furtive glance to make sure she wasn’t being observed, Doofus #13 copied the link to the stream and shared it in a post for the Facebook group.

“Trigger warning: Katie the Bulky. Hey all, I know a lot of us had a hard time in school thanks to Katie the Bulky, but I thought this would interest most of you. Looks like Katie’s finally turning over a new leaf!”

With a deep sigh of contentment, Doofus #13 wrote a final comment. “Hey, Katie! Just wanted to let you know, I’ve forgiven you for everything that happened in secondary school! Nerd #23 and I are together now, and it’s all thanks to you! Good luck with whatever’s in store for you in life!”

After hearing Nerd #23 called her name, Doofus #13 minimized the window showing the livestream, and went to get dressed for a night out with the boy of her dreams!

[End of Part 1]

Katie the Bulky Gets Spanked:
Part 2: Gamer Grrl Bathtime

"Ding!" went a notification from Katie's livestream. Katie heard a stock sound effect of trumpets and children cheering as she reached 1,000 concurrent viewers. She could make out a new camera angle being featured on the livestream: the Gamer Girl Bubble Bath camera had activated!

"What was that sound?" asked Pappa.

Mumma looked at the gaming setup with confusion, not sure what was what. "I think it was Katie's Game Boy thing?"

Pappa's eyes went wide. "Oh! That reminds me, Katie has lost her gaming privileges. It will take a few weeks, at least, to guide her through the new program, but until then, no screen time!"

As Pappa gently handed Katie off to Mumma, Katie tried to dive towards her desktop and shut down the livestream, only for Mumma to bounce her in her arms and rest her against her shoulder as if Katie was still a baby. Mumma planted a playful swat on Katie's rump. "So fussy! I don't think Katie wants you to play with her toys, Pappa."

Pappa nodded, as he minimized the livestream window without closing it. He still wasn't sure what a gaming livestream was, but whatever it was, he figured it would still be there for Katie once they'd helped her complete the preparatory punishment program for Hell High. "Don't worry, Katie, I won't mess with any of your video games. I'll just install parental controls on this desktop, until you're ready to have computer time again."

Mumma pecked Katie on the cheek, then wrinkled her nose. “And I’ll get you dressed for naptime… after your bubble bath! Phew! You’re a stinky baby! Yes you are! Pappa, would you be a dear and bring up Katie’s old crib for the nursery? I think it’s in the garage.”

With a choked wail, Katie the Bulky scrambled to free herself from her Mumma’s grasp, only to feel Mumma land a stern swat across Katie’s exposed ass cheeks as a warning shot. “No more fussing! If you misbehave during your bath, I’ll pull you out of the tub and spank you, and you won’t like that one bit! A spanking across a dripping, soaking wet little bum-bum stings like mad!”

But Katie didn’t listen. As Mumma drew the bath and began to unceremoniously undress Katie, the once proud dommy-mommy gamer-girl girlboss, spluttered, stammered, and stuttered to no avail. Unaware of the two hidden cameras, Mumma patiently explained that it was no use putting off bath time. Katie the Bulky tried to cover her nudity with her huge, powerful hands, but any time she covered one part, she’d remember another that was left uncovered. Nudity could result in an instant ban from YouTube and Twitch! As she felt Mumma tug down her underpants, Katie seized her opportunity, leaping up and free of the pants and towards the bathroom counter. If she could just get her hands on the cameras, she could manually shut them off!

“Oh, that does it!” growled Mumma, as she snatched Katie around the waist, before sitting on the toilet and guiding the howling gamer girl across her lap. Katie kicked wildly, and sent the toilet paper dispenser flying into the air as she knocked it loose. The toilet paper itself came spiraling back to earth, bouncing off Katie’s right butt cheek an instant before Mumma’s palm clapped across Katie’s left butt cheek. Katie bucked and bawled fresh tears as Mumma delivered ten crisp spanks. Digging her fingers into her hair, Katie prepared to endure another long, hard spanking. But mercifully, Mumma paused. “Are you going to be a good girl for bath time, or do you need a spanking from the bath brush?”

Glancing up at the long-handled bath brush, which Katie had used thousands of times without thinking about it once, she suddenly saw it in a new light. Now, it looked like a wicked, mean spanking implement. Shaking her head, Katie blubbered apologies through her soap bar, folding her hands like an angelic cherub in prayer. Mumma nodded, then put her finger in the tub to make sure it was just the right temperature. "Good girl! Now, into the tub with you! I've got pink, scrubby bubbles to make it fun for you!"

Katie hacked up soapy spittle, desperately wanting to spit out the soap bar and explain the situation to her mother. Then Katie froze in fear. Did she even want to admit to Mumma that she'd set up cameras in the bathroom? What if that was another spankable offense?

Knowing that both HD cameras were trained on her, Katie stood up and faced the bathtub, trembling.

There was no way one of the cameras hadn't captured a glimpse of something or other. With a flash of inspiration, she realized that if she fully exposed herself, she might be able to force YouTube and Twitch to shut down the live streams right away. But that would be the end of her career as a pro-gamer! And who knew if it would even work? And even if it did work, it wouldn't affect any of the concurrent streams to the uncensored platforms!

Was it better to wait until after her bath and shut down the stream manually? Would her loyal audience believe this had all been an elaborate prank? Terrified, Katie realized that she didn't know what was worse.

Mumma clicked her tongue twice, while giving her daughter two quick love-taps across her bright red butt cheeks, in sync. "Tut, tut, Katie. Into the tub with you."

With a glimpse at the bath brush, Katie made her decision. At the moment, the prospect of a bathbrush spanking drove all other worries far from her mind.

Carefully, Katie the Bulky climbed into the tub and settled herself into the warm water. The temperature was perfect, and Mumma had already put in fizzy, pink bubble bath pills that dyed the water to a cheerful shade of hot pink. Mumma used a luffa to gently apply warm water to Katie's back, then examined the tub. "Good girl! Now, where did I put the soap bar? Oh, of course, silly me!"

With a pop, Mumma whisked the soap out of Katie's mouth. Retching, Katie spat up as much of the remaining soap as she could. Suddenly, she remembered she could speak again. "The... the cameras!"

Clucking her tongue, Mumma applied shampoo to Katie's hair. "Tsk, tsk! Are you still feeling guilty about buying those toys without asking permission? Don't worry, we've already spanked you for that! Now, close your eyes, so you don't get shampoo in your eyes!"

But Katie's eyes went wide as she pointed to the two cameras, one hidden discreetly in the medicine cabinet, the other directly above her connected to the shower attachment. Then Katie remembered that her parents hadn't approved of her doing this, and thrust her hands into the water to clutch her bottom, wondering if this would be deemed an offense worthy of another spanking. "No! You've gotta' turn off—I mean, lemme' do it! I want to wash myself! You can get out now!"

But as Katie threw back her head, two dollops of shampoo drizzled down and into her open eyes. The world vanished into blackness and dancing lights as Katie pressed her eyelids shut, far too late. "Waaaah! It's stingy!"

Quickly, Mumma turned on the shower, and pulled down the attachment to help wash away the shampoo. “Oh no! Poor baby! I *did* warn you to shut your eyes, and now you know why. But don’t worry. We’ll wash it right out!”

Shaking her head, Katie blinked back tears and started splashing, slapping the surface of the water in her frustration. If Katie were King Xerxes I, she probably would have also ordered the Persian troops to flog the waters of the Hellespont sea while she was at it.

Mumma shielded herself from the flying torrents of water. “Katie Bulke Bolker! You stop that splashing at once!”

“No! I don’t wanna!” squealed Katie, as she kicked up a tidal wave. But as her aching buttocks pressed against the porcelain surface of the tub, Katie squeaked, then scrambled up and over the edge of the tub.

“Careful, Katie! The tub is slippery!” cried Mumma.

“No! *Listen* to me!” bawled Katie, as she refused to listen to her mother. “Get out! I need to–” Katie felt her feet slip on the bottom of the tub and she barreled forwards.

Fortunately for Katie, Mumma caught Katie around the waist before she could hurt herself.

Not so fortunately for Katie, Mumma then bent Katie across the edge of the bathtub, and began to spank Katie’s dripping wet buttocks with her free left hand. “Miss Katie Bulke Bolker! This behavior is unacceptable. You could have broken your neck. I can’t bear the thought of you being hurt... so I’ll just have to spank you again!”

Thanks to the primary camera, the viewers on YouTube and Twitch had a perfect view of Katie’s horrified face and back, as well as a glimpse of the very top of her bottom,

poised high in the air. A few of her loyal Patreon supporters clicked open a new tab, and found the links to Katie's secret "spicy" accounts, where the shower camera captured a full moon shot. Droplets of water flew aesthetically as Mumma landed each firm clap.

As her gamer rage rose, Katie the Bulky forgot everything she'd learned from her previous spanking session. "Ow! Will you just shut your mouth and–Ouch! Oh, fuck! ... *Listen* to me, you–Ooo! Oooch! You stupid cun–"

Before Katie could finish uttering her final obscenity, Mumma pressed the soap bar back in place. "Bite down, Katie, if you drop the soap, you'll get another spanking!"

Katie felt an invisible force start to press the bar of soap down against her tongue, and quickly spat it out. Choking with rage, Katie stood to her full height, bubbly water cascading in rivulets down her toned muscles. Her six-pack abs glistened, her calves and thighs shone, and her eyes flared as she stretched her beefy hands towards her mother. "No! The only one getting a spanking today is you! Let's see how you like it! I'm gonna tan your hide!"

Looking up at her giantess of a daughter, Mumma smiled, "Don't be silly, baby. You can't spank me! I'm your Mumma!"

Katie's hands froze, trembling an inch from Mumma's throat. It was as though Mumma's words were a magic spell. "You... you can't spank me!" Katie whimpered, hoping that speaking the magic words would make it a reality.

Mumma shook her head. "Of course I can spank you, Katie. After all, I'm your Mumma! But I'm not going to fight you. I'm not afraid to haul you over my knee if I have to, but I expect you to listen and obey, especially during bath time. Now, I've got to give you some extra spankies, but if you promise to be a good girl, I promise it will all be over soon!"

Consciously, Katie recognized that some Hellish force must be at work. She didn't want to obey! She wanted to spank her mother! But she also didn't want another spanking, and what Katie wanted didn't matter any more.

Her knees knocking, Katie's hands flew to cover her bottom. Her eyes still smarting from the shampoo, Katie the Bulky felt two budding tears clinging heavily to her lower eyelids. "P-please, no spankies, Mumma!"

Mumma gently grasped Katie's massive hands and pulled them forwards, carefully guiding Katie back into position. "But you *need* a spanking, Katie Bulke Bolker. Now, be a good girl and lie on your tummy across the edge of the bathtub, just like before. Bottoms up!"

Katie felt her body obey, even as her mind screamed to disobey. The two tears finally succumbed to gravity and spilled down her cheeks. Her eyes still stang.

Mumma patted Katie's bottom a few times experimentally, then scooped up the wooden bath brush.

Katie felt a soft whimper escape her lips. "Nooooo! Not the bath brush!"

"Yes, Katie, the bath brush, but don't worry, I won't use it quite yet. Not until we finish your first spanking!"

Katie felt a chill as the last droplets of warm water drizzled down her face to the towel lying on the floor below her. "... First spanking?"

Not waiting to explain, Mumma delivered ten crisp swats to Katie's trembling, wet rump with her left hand. "There! That's for splashing in the tub! And this..." Mumma

delivered another ten spanks, before adding, “is for trying to get out of the tub before bath time was over. And *this*, is for standing up during your first spanking…”

Another ten spanks. Desperately wanting to hang tough, Katie mewed and flailed her feet in the tub water. She felt a splash of water against her ass, before Mumma landed two crisp spanks as a warning shot. “No kicking in the tub!”

Katie tensed and held down her feet, terrified of earning more punishment for more splashing. Sure enough, Mumma delivered eight more swats to complete another set of ten. “Fuuuuck!” seethed Katie.

“Oh! That reminds me! This is for using naughty swear words!” Mumma scooped up the soap bar and set it down in front of Katie’s face, then delivered ten more spanks. Katie controlled her urge to buck, but also felt the bathwater ripple against her lower buttocks, the waves dangerously close to spilling over the edge of the tub.

Lowering her head to the towel on the floor, Katie whimpered. “Ooowieee!”

Mumma patted Katie’s bum encouragingly. “There! Now that I’ve punished you for your little misdeeds, we can discuss your *second* spanking!”

Katie hunched her shoulders, finally remembering the bathbrush in front of her face. “But you said I wouldn’t get another spankin’ if I was a good girl! I’m being good!”

Mumma sighed, patting Katie on the back. “No, Katie, I said if you obeyed, it would all be over soon. But I have to give you a second spanking to make sure you never, ever misbehave during bath time again. You put yourself in serious danger because of your disobedience! That alone merits a good, hard paddling with the bath brush. But first…”

Mumma reached across Katie's back for the shower attachment, turned the hot water on, and ran it carefully over Katie's upturned hindquarters. "I'm going to make sure your booty is freshly soaked and dripping wet. That's the only way to get a real bathtime spanking!"

Katie opened her mouth to argue, but trailed off as she felt the warm, soothing water. "Buh... but?"

Mumma waited until she saw billowing steam started to rise from Katie's skin, then shut off the shower. Katie's head sank to the soft, fuzzy towel on the floor, and she pressed her lip against it, enjoying the sensation. "Mmmm!"

Then Mumma delivered the first blow with the bath brush across Katie's left butt cheek, raising a red-purple mark over the already scorched-red flesh. Katie the Bulky did not enjoy that sensation one bit!

"Yeeeoooowww!!" she howled, reflexively pressing her legs and stomach tight against the edge of the bathtub, which only thrust her hip up even higher, before the second blow landed across her right butt cheek, raising a matching oval-shaped welt.

"Hoooowah!!!" Feeling dizzy, Katie fought for air, the lingering sensation of the first welt fighting with the fresh pain of the second smack.

Satisfied that Katie was ready to be a good little girl, or at least make an effort, Mumma silently raised the bath brush, knowing this to be her solemn, maternal duty, and determined to make this final lesson worse than all the previous spankings combined. She just loved Katie so much!

The intensity of the first two smacks tempted Katie to flee again, while the fear of earning yet another spanking held her in place. The water sloshed in the tub, and a few

droplets spilled over the edge. “P-please, Mumma! That’s enough! I w-won’t do it again! I p-pwomise!”

But Mumma only reached into the tub and pulled out the cork. Katie felt lukewarm water tickling her skin as it slowly drained away. The soft sound of the drain contrasted with the next explosive crack of the bath brush, and Katie’s equally explosive scream.

After two more smacks, Katie’s voice cracked, and her shouts became less like the war cry of a brave Amazon warrior, and more like the broken wails of a frightened little girl.

Katie felt fresh tears building in her eyes, and made a final effort to hide her screams, pressing her lips together. Mumma delivered five more smacks, bringing the total to ten, just as the water level lowered to Katie’s calves. Katie tried to swallow her final squeal, but pressing her lips together only muffled it slightly.

Remembering that her Mumma always spanked in sets of ten, Katie finally allowed herself to take a shuddering breath. Then Mumma landed an eleventh swat. Katie yipped like a puppy. “Awah?”

Just as Katie began to rationally process the spanking was not over, the twelfth spank landed, and her plea for mercy trailed off into a shrieking and wheezing. “No more, Mummaaaaaa! Waaaahaaaaw! Hee! Hoo!”

After landing the thirteenth spank, Mumma slowly increased the tempo of the swats, so that by the end Katie was reduced to a bawling, quivering mess. The 20th spank landed just as the last drop of bathwater spiraled down the drain with a gurgle and a hiss, nicely matching Katie’s snivels and groans.

Trembling, Katie lay defeated, unable to mentally process anything other than the fact that she was being spanked. All thoughts of the livestream were long gone. Mumma

gently lifted Katie's head from the floor. Dimly, Katie felt the soap bar press against her lips, and obediently opened her mouth to accept it, grimacing and whimpering as the bitter taste assaulted her tongue. Mumma helped her sit back in the tub, and Katie flinched as her now practically purple posterior touched the cool surface of the tub, and put her weight on her hands and feet.

Mumma turned on the water for the showerhead again and began to rinse Katie's hair. "There, there, baby. Let's get the rest of that shampoo rinsed out."

As the continual stinging sensation in her eyes took her mind off the continual stinging sensation in her buttocks, Katie was tempted to pull away and thrust her head under the faucet to wash out the shampoo herself.

As she gingerly tried to sit down, Katie was sure her lower bottom was bruised. The sting faded to a numb ache, but every time she tried to rest her full weight on her seat, she felt a prick like a needle deep in her glutes. But the memory of the spanking kept her seated. As long as her butt was pressed against the surface of the tub, Mumma couldn't spank it after all.

And as the warm water drizzled over her, Katie arched back her head and allowed her Mumma to soothe her. With the tub drained, Katie felt cool, except for the few spots where the warm water splashed her cheerfully. Katie barely noticed as Mumma pulled the soap bar free, and guided her chin up. "Spit," Mumma ordered. Katie obeyed, hacking on the thick film of soap that coated her entire mouth. Even after she gargled on the warm water, the taste still lingered. But Katie finally felt relief.

Mumma turned off the shower head, and seated herself on the toilet, patting her lap playfully. "There, isn't that much better? Now, I just have to give you your reminder spanking. Then your bathtime is all done!"

Katie's whole body tensed, her blood running cold. "Ruh-Reminder spanking? What's that for?"

Mumma sighed, as if her precocious daughter had asked an adorably simple question. "To remind you not to misbehave next time I give you a bath, of course! What else would a reminder spanking be?"

Katie coughed up more of the thick, soapy phlegm. "But... *Gahg-hfft* ... But you *already* spanked me for that!"

"Of course. That was your *punishment* spanking. That was to *punish* you for being naughty. But a *reminder* spanking is quite different. It's to *remind* you to do better next time."

Her mind clearing, Katie felt her temper rise, the fiery heat that gripped her bottom countering the icy chill that gripped her heart. "But you said it'd all be over soon! You eff–" Katie coughed on soap just before she could call her Mumma an "effing liar!" On second thought, Katie decided to avoid using foul language to make her argument. "Kaff! I mean, you *explained* that if I was good, I wouldn't get another spanking, right? Isn't that the whole reason I'm supposed to obey?"

Mumma shook her head. "No, Katie, dear. You misunderstood. In the first place, it's *not* enough to obey just to avoid a spanking. You should obey because you want to be a good girl. And I know you do, don't you?"

Katie felt her fists ball up, but before she could flip her mother the bird with both fingers, the tingling prickle in her buttocks flared up, matching the pang of her conscience. Although she never liked to admit it, even to herself, a part of Katie had always hoped that someone would stand up to her, sooner or later. Katie lacked the self-awareness to put her private hopes into words, but for some reason, bullying

pathetic loners and simps on the internet wasn't always as fun as she'd thought it would be.

Taking Katie's silence to mean yes, Mumma patted Katie on the head. "Of course you do! I see it written all over your face, as plain as day! You're not a bad girl. You just need a little reminder to help you back onto the right path. Now, in the second place, if you re-read the *Code of Conduct* for students of Hell High, and the *Disciplinary Manual*, you'll see that a 'punishment spanking' and a 'reminder spanking' are completely different tools of instruction. I'm sure you recall chapters six through nine, summarizing the various types and applications of spanking. Just because they both involve 'paddy whacking,' that doesn't mean they're even remotely the same thing!"

Katie paled at the mention of the *Disciplinary Manual*, which she guessed must be the book she had flipped through. Mumma was under the impression she had read it carefully before signing the acceptance letter. But in horror, Katie realized that not only had she not read any such material, she wasn't even sure she had signed that letter. *"It must be because I said I'd rather go to Hell! No, it can't be that simple, can it?"* she thought. She tried to pry her mouth open to plea for help, but it was as if a hellish fire was already tickling her from below.

If her butt could talk, Katie was sure it would have said, *"Never let your mouth sign a check your ass can't cash, sweet cheeks."*

Mumma patted her lap again, even more insistently, oblivious to her daughter's inner turmoil over the state of her immortal soul (and of her mortal ass). "Well, Katie. You signed the *Code of Conduct* form for Hell High, so you know what's next. Are you ready for your reminder spanking?"

Katie's lip trembled. "Is... is this my last spanking?"

Mumma giggled. “Of course not, silly. But it is your last spanking for your bathtime… for today.” Before Katie could protest, Mumma started counting on her fingers. “Let’s see, there’s also going to be your bedtime spankings, which Pappa will be giving you before we tuck you in tonight. And another reminder spanking at bathtime, every bathtime, for a week.”

Katie’s eyes widened in terror, but Mumma assumed this only meant her daughter was intent on listening. Pleased to see Katie paying attention, Mumma hummed as she tried to recollect everything from her initial study of the discipline manual. “Hmm, I can’t recall if I’m supposed to give you your reminder spanking before or after bath time. Maybe it’s both? I’ll have to check. But either way, so long as you’re a good girl and don’t misbehave in bath time for an entire week, that will be the end of it!”

Katie’s mouth hung open, before she found her tongue. “Wuh-what happens if I disobey?”

Mumma’s smile vanished. “Then I’d have to give you *another* punishment spanking for disobeying, as well as *another* reminder spanking to teach you not to disobey. Then I’d have to tell your Pappa to give you *another* bedtime spanking tonight. Of course, I’d have to repeat the reminder spankings to remind you to obey every time I give you your reminder spankings to remind you to not splash in the tub. But I really don’t want to do that. I hate having to spank you, Katie. It hurts me more than it hurts you. So if you don’t want that, come and sit on Mummy’s lap. Quit stalling.”

Katie felt her butt cheeks clench and her anus pucker. That meant that any minor act of misbehavior would earn her *at least* three spankings, and she didn’t even know what was on the list of spankable offenses from the *Code of Conduct*. Worse, every act of defiance and disobedience would exponentially increase the number of spankings. Katie had done poorly in maths, but even she could work out that this could quickly spell doom for her ability to ever sit comfortably again. “Yes, Mumma, I’ll obey!”

Katie shot to her feet, before remembering the cameras and covering herself furtively, before remembering that if she got out of the tub too quickly, she might be spanked for being careless in the tub, before remembering that if she got out of the tub too slowly, she might be spanked for being slow to obey. In the end, she forgot the cameras entirely.

Just as Katie lifted her last foot out of the tub, her Mumma held up a hand. “Hold on, where did I set that bath brush?”

Katie’s hair stood on end as she spotted the bath brush on the hook by the tub, right where Mumma had left it. Before Katie had been introduced to the wonderful world of spanking, she’d often said that Mumma would “forget her fookin’ head” if it weren’t attached to her shoulders. Part of her hoped that Mumma would never find the terrible brush, but Katie saw her trembling finger move of its own accord. “It’s right there, Mummy.”

Mumma beamed. “Oh, good gracious, of course I left it right there. Silly me! Sometimes I think I’d forget my own head if it weren’t attached to my shoulders. Thank you for reminding me, Kate. It must have been hard, knowing full well that I’m going to use that bath brush to blister your behind, again, especially when it’s already so red and raw! You see? A good spanking was all you needed to encourage you to be a sweet, compliant little girl. I always knew you were a good girl… deep down!”

Katie the Bulky’s backside certainly did feel good and spanked at the moment, but Katie wasn’t interested in being a good girl quite yet. At the moment, Katie was vividly imagining how she wanted to grab her mother by the arm, haul her over her lap, and spank her black and blue, then and there. But the hellish letters of the code of conduct seemed to burn into Katie’s mind. Afraid that she might cuss her Mumma out if she opened her mouth, Katie chose to grunt and nod instead. “Mmm-hmm.”

Mumma tilted her head like a puppy. “Such a brave girl! Be a dear, and fetch the bath brush for me.”

Fuming, Katie snatched the bath brush off the hook and roughly held it out. “Just get it over with!”

But Mumma only held up a hand and closed her daughter’s hands around the long handle. “No no, silly! The whole point of a reminder spanking is for us to discuss your behavior and help you consider what you’ve done wrong in the past, and how you’ll do better in the future. Not unless you want an extra punishment spanking, *before* your reminder spanking?”

Katie gripped the brush, stiffening to attention like an army recruit. “No! No more spanking… please?”

Mumma giggled. “Well, I’m afraid there will be more spanking, and lots of it, in your future, but I can spare your bottom one extra spanking today, more or less. Now, let’s see if I can remember the handy-dandy tips for administering a reminder spanking… Ah, yes! Before we begin, Katie, I want you to hold the brush in front of you.”

Perplexed, Katie held the brush up, gripping it like a cave woman’s club, but Mumma shook her head. “Not like that. More ladylike. Like so.”

Mumma held her hands palm up to demonstrate, and Katie falteringly imitated the gesture. The bath brush felt light in her hands. Katie’s keister twitched at the memory of her most recent spanking.

Mumma nodded, as if she was agreeing with Katie’s silent thought. “That’s right! That’s the polite way to offer up a spanking implement to your disciplinarian. Think of yourself as a princess, granting a magical sword to your Prince Charming. Only instead

of asking him to smack around a terrible dragon, he'll be smacking your botty. Next, take a good, long look at that bath brush. Feel its weight in your hands... Go on!"

As Katie glanced down at the brush, it suddenly seemed heavier in her hands, and she connected it with the blinding, hefty whacks she'd felt only moments ago.

Mumma waved her hand, as if she were only inviting Katie to offer her thoughts on the craftsmanship of the wooden brush. "Do you remember how the same weight of that brush felt, when it came crashing down across your naughty little bottom?"

In her fury, Katie wanted to roar, *"Of course I fookin' remember! What else do you expect?"* but she chose instead to say, "Yeah?"

Mumma smiled like a cat. "I'll bet you do! Next, let's discuss *what* you did wrong."

Katie rolled her eyes. What a stupid question. "I splashed in the tub, and then I tried to get out of the tub, and then I stood up during my first spanking."

Mumma nodded. "And do you *like* being spanked, young lady?"

Katie trembled as the brush seemed to become unbearably heavy in her hands. She knew exactly what was coming, and knew there was nothing she could do to stop it. She knew her ass was screaming in protest from the last spanking, and she knew that this horrible, awful thing in her hands was going to hurt her even more. She knew she could snap this evil bath brush in two with her bare hands, but she also knew doing so would only make everything worse. Katie didn't know it, but for the first time in her life, she was feeling exactly like her victims had felt during her career as a bully. Tears sprang to her eyes. Katie wasn't sorry for being a bully all those years, but at the moment she was certainly sorry for herself. "... No?"

Mumma crossed her arms. “Then why did you do it, Katie?”

Katie hung her head. “I dunno…”

“Think on it, Katie. Do you remember what you said to me, when you stood up in the tub?”

Katie steadied her shaking hands, not wanting to find out what would happen if she dropped the brush. She most certainly remembered her threat to spank Mumma, because Katie still wanted to spank her Mumma even now. “I… I don’t…”

Scowling, Mumma cocked her head. “No fibbing, little missy! Unless you want another spanking, before we start this conversation all over again from the beginning, tell the truth.”

Katie scrunched up her face, two tears spilling down her cheeks. “I said… I said I wanted to give you a spanking, Mummy!”

Mumma shook her head. “That’s right. But you see, Katie, you *can’t* spank me, no matter how much you may *want* to spank me. I’m your Mumma. And because I’m your Mumma, no matter how much I *don’t want* to spank you, I’m afraid I *have* to spank you.”

Katie’s tears spilled freely, her nose starting to run as she fought for breath. “Oh, please don’t spank me, Mama! Puh-leeze!”

Using her left hand, Mumma reached behind her daughter and planted a quick love-tap on Katie’s right butt cheek, just firm enough to send it jiggling and bouncing. “None of that. I’ll be giving you reason to cry soon enough. Now, Katie, I’m afraid that attitude is *why* you’re in so much trouble right now. Yes, you misbehaved in the tub, which is *what*

you did to earn a spanking. But *why* you did what you did is a far more serious matter. When I spank you, I want you to remember your silly little threat to spank me. I want you to remember that the reason why you wanted to spank me is precisely the reason why I have to spank you. To *remind* you who is boss around here."

Sniffling through her stuffed nose, Katie alternatively nodded and shook her head. "I know who's the boss! You're the boss! You don't have to spank–"

"No. Do not interrupt."

Katie shut her mouth with a snap. Her only hope was to obey. If only she was perfectly obedient, Mumma would see that she was a good girl now, and maybe, just maybe, Mumma would decide she didn't need another spanking after all. Mumma let the silence hang, and when she was sure her daughter was listening, continued cheerfully. "Finally, Katie, we have to discuss what would be a fair punishment for your actions. As I'm sure you recall, unlike a punishment spanking, which usually involves a set number of strokes depending on the severity of the crime, a reminder spanking can be much shorter, or much longer, at the discretion of the disciplinarian."

Katie nodded along, as if she knew exactly what Mumma was talking about.

Mumma began to count on her fingers. "For example, I could give you a longer spanking, using just my hand, and spare you the bath brush. Or, I could spare you the hand spanking, and give you a shorter spanking with just the bath brush."

Katie's mind raced for a route of escape. "Aren't there any other options?"

Mumma's eyes widened, then she recounted her fingers. "Of course! I forgot the third option. For a reminder spanking, the three choices are just the hand, or just the implement, or you can choose neither. Instead–"

“Neither!” hollered Katie. She was sure it was something like writing lines, or doing extra chores. Katie didn’t care what it was, so long as she could escape this terrible, horrible, no-good, very bad bubble bath.

Mumma caught her breath. “Katie? Are you sure? If I were you, I’d go for the hand spanking, but–”

Katie bounced up and down on her heels. The steam from the bath had fogged up the mirror, and she felt like she was trapped in a sauna, but as she broke out in a cold sweat, she saw her escape. “Option three!”

Mumma smiled. “I’m so proud of you, Katie. You could have chosen a quick spanking as the easy way out, but clearly you’re ready to accept responsibility for your actions.”

Katie nodded, but just as she was about to throw aside the terrible brush, she found she couldn’t. Even though her arms ached from the strain of holding the brush steady, it was as though her palms were glued to the handle of the brush, and the brush was suspended immovably in mid-air. She thought she saw hellish tongues of flame engulfing the brush, and was sure they were burning her hands. As the instinct to pull away from the fire surged through her, Katie tried to suck down a breath, only to find her stuffy nose clogged shut.

Oblivious to her daughter’s dilemma, Mumma held out her hand to accept the brush. “In that case, I’ll be giving you a long hand spanking, and an even longer paddling with the bath brush, every bath time. That will act as your reminder to behave while you’re sitting in the tub. Now, Katie, hand me the brush.”

As Katie understood what was happening to her, she expected the hellish power of the bath brush to activate, forcing her to hand over the brush and accept her spanking

meekly. But as the flames surrounding the brush seemed to melt the skin of her palms, Katie realized it didn't work that way. The brush wasn't going to force her to do anything. There was no other choice to make, but she still had to choose, freely, to accept the spanking. As she silently screamed *"No!"* in her mind, Katie gently placed the brush into her Mumma's open palm.

Mumma bounced the bath brush playfully in her palm, looking at Katie expectantly. As the silence grew awkward, Mumma raised an eyebrow and set the bath brush aside, within easy reach on the sink. "Katie, remember your manners. What do you say, when it's time for a reminder spanking?"

"Um... what?"

"Don't you remember? The chapter on reminder spankings discusses the polite way to ask for your punishment. You did read it, didn't you?"

"Uh huh!" Katie lied, reflexively. The moment she lied, she felt the dull ache in her bruised buttocks disappear, replaced by an unnaturally hot prickle. "Ooh! But... could you refresh my memory?"

Mumma folded her hands, with mock seriousness. "Very well, but make sure you practice. Not showing proper gratitude during a reminder spanking merits another round of spanking. Since you're still learning, I won't give you the punishment spanking this time."

Cracking a smile, Mumma dropped the serious act, and playfully patted Katie's rump three times. "But no more reminders... or you'll get more reminder spankings! Repeat after me: Thank you, Mumma. Please give me a good reminder spanking, to help me remember to be good!"

Katie stiffened, realizing that each of the light love-taps felt like a full-strength spank as the hellish flames crackled across her rear end. But as Mumma landed the last swat, it was as though she was smothering the invisible fire consuming Katie's Hell-bound heinie. As the flames dissipated, she felt her tears return, and she hiccuped as she tried to repeat the words that would seal her doom. "Th-thank you, Mumma. P-lease *hic* give me a good reminder sp– *Hiccup!* R-reminder spanking, to– *Hic!* To help me memba' to be... good!"

"Yes, Kitty, I will. And I want you to know: Mummy loves you!"

Katie squeaked as her Mumma lifted her into the air, like a baby. Mumma set her down to rest on her right thigh, holding Katie close against her chest with a warm embrace, so that Katie's bottom faced outward, her legs dangling on either side of the maternal knee. Katie would have felt very safe and comforted, if she wasn't painfully aware of what awaited her. Katie tried to open her mouth to plead, "Oh, no, Mummy. Please, no!" But Mumma wasted no time and silenced her daughter's fussing with the first crisp smack with her left hand. As Katie yelped, her hiccups disappeared.

Katie quickly lost count of the number of spanks. The "long hand spanking" lasted about one minute, followed by two minutes of paddling with the bath brush. By the end, Katie had broken down crying again, but just as she stood up and started to perform the spankee's war dance, Mumma grabbed her by the wrist. "Hold on, silly! I've got to switch sides. Don't want an uneven paint job, do we? The manual was very clear about the need to produce a consistent shade of red!"

Katie shook her head furiously, but before she could argue, she found herself deposited on Mumma's left knee, in a mirror image of her earlier position, and Mumma began spanking her with her right hand. "I'm a natural lefty. So when I spank you with your Pappa, I can count on him to even out the other cheek. But I suppose I'll have to get used to using my right hand when it's just you and me!"

After one minute of right-handed hand spanking, followed by two minutes of right-handed bath brush paddling, Mumma announced that the reminder spanking was officially over. Katie crumpled to the linoleum floor of the bathroom, rasping for air, lifting her throbbing butt high. “Fuh– *Hic!* Fuuuuck!” hissed Katie. Dimly, she wondered if the candid cameras had caught enough to get her banned from YouTube and Twitch by now.

Katie blinked as she looked over her shoulder to try and find the one hidden above the shower. But Mumma snapped her fingers. “Ooh! That reminds me, I had to remind you not to use naughty words!”

Katie’s grunt of confusion, and her gasp of terror, were both interrupted by fresh hiccups. “Uh? *Hic!* Huh? *Hiccup!*”

But before Katie could articulate her despair in further detail, Mumma scooped up the yellow cake of soap and slipped it back into Katie’s mouth, scooped up Katie and deposited her right back on her knee for the second reminder spanking. Katie howled and grunted, but to no avail.

“I have a bar of soap in my mouth, and I must scream!” thought Katie the Bulky.

[End of Part 2]

Katie the Bulky Gets Spanked:
Part 3: Read the Fine Print

By the time Katie had endured her second round of her "gentle reminder" spanking, she was completely and thoroughly exhausted. Katie rested her forehead on the back of the toilet, twitching as she felt the seemingly never-ending barrage of swats from the wooden bathbrush. They didn't hurt any less than before, but she was simply too tired to kick and squirm any more.

Mumma sighed with relief as she set down the bathbrush. "Well, that should do for your baththime spanking, unless you manage to find even more ways to get into mischief before nap time."

Katie answered with a muffled sob, sending soap suds and spittle sailing as she spluttered past the soap bar.

Mumma slapped her forehead. "Silly me. You can't really be expected to have a polite conversation with a soap bar stuffed in your mouth!"

As Mumma pulled the frothy soap bar out with a pop, Katie choked and stuck out sudsy tongue. "Bleah!"

Mumma clapped Katie's bottom playfully. "No sticking your tongue out at Mumma, tee hee! Now, let's get you dried off."

Mumma snatched up a towel and started ruffling it across Katie's hair before she could argue. Mumma hummed to herself softly as she scooped up Katie's musty clothing. "Goodness, I forgot to get you a change of clothes! Just wrap up in a towel for now, I'm sure Pappa has your new outfits ready for you by now. You can change after we finish our family discussion."

Katie coughed up a few soap bubbles as she reached for the towel. Mumma yanked it away with a giggle. “Oh, no, I have some special towels for you! Don’t you remember how much you loved these, when you were little?”

As Mumma pulled two ratty old towels from under the sink, Katie blanched as she recognized them. “Sp-Sp-SpongeBob SquarePants?”

Mumma nodded, her smile suddenly becoming mysterious. “Your favorites!”

Katie whined as she accepted the towels, but as she remembered the sorry state of her backside, Katie quickly wrapped her torso and head with the childish towels without argument.

To her annoyance, Katie caught a glimpse of her lower behind in the mirror. The towel was barely wide enough to cover her breasts, and hung on her hips like a scandalously short miniskirt. But it was better than nothing.

Pouting, Katie lifted the towel to examine her aching buttocks. It was still a devilish shade of red, with a few splotchy purple bruises along her lower cheeks. Suddenly, Mumma scooped Katie up like a child, resting her on her forearm. “Now, let’s go find Pappa. He has to explain all the new rules you need to follow, and why you need to get spankings now.”

Katie squeaked as she felt her full weight being pressed against her lower buttocks. “Eep! N-now, Mumma… I’m a big girl, aren’t I? Can’t we discuss this in private?”

“What do you mean, Katie? We already are in private!”

Katie swallowed as she spotted the camera she’d tucked behind the shower head. “Um…”

Then, Mumma opened the door, and as Katie twisted around, she saw Pappa, pointing a handheld camera right at her buttocks. Pappa giggled.

"Whoops! Sorry, Katie, think I caught a glimpse of your little booty on the recording. Look dear, this camera's entirely wireless. We'll be able to record our little snookums when we take her out. Remember how we always wanted to record baby videos when Katie was little, but could never afford a camera? It's like we have a second chance now!"

Mumma craned her neck to examine the camera. "Isn't that one of the cameras our naughty girl bought without asking permission?"

In horror, Katie noticed the red recording light on the handheld camera, and recognized it as the one she had set up to automatically start livestreaming to announce her Gamer Grrl Bathtime session. The blue light that indicated the wifi connection was lit. That meant she was still live on the internet!

Oblivious to Katie's mortified expression, Pappa held up the camera. "Indeed it is! But I think it will serve nicely to record family memories. I'm scared to press any of the buttons but I think I got it recording. Why don't we record our little 'family meeting' with Katie? I'm sure she'll find it instructive later in life. After all, Katie, today is the day you finally learn what it means to be a big girl, and take responsibility!"

Shaking her head, Katie gritted her teeth. "Nooooo!"

Mumma clapped Katie's behind. "Oh dear. I have a sneaking suspicion we won't be able to get through our little chat with our naughty little Kate... without having *another* little chat with Katie's naughty little bum bum!"

Katie sucked in a breath as she felt the playful love-tap reignite the Hellish fire in her seat. “You don’t understand! That camera is…”

Katie trailed off. If her parents found out what she had been planning to use the camera for… she was sure to get another spanking!

Pappa blinked, still holding the camera steady. “Yes, Katie, dear?”

Katie faked a smile. “That camera is… perfect for making home movies! You should turn it off, so we save the battery for later!”

Pappa beamed. “Not to worry! I found the instructions for it. I couldn’t make hide nor hair of them, but apparently the battery can last for days without needing another charge. Now, Mumma, bring the prisoner to the living room! It’s time for her trial.”

“P-prisoner? T-trial?”

Mumma cooed. “Ooh, don’t you worry, Kitty. That’s just your Pappa’s just playing the judge to tease you… of course, if you’re naughty and don’t listen, I’ll be happy to play the executioner.”

Mumma swatted Katie across the behind, just firmly enough to make the warning clear. Katie tensed, and pressed her lips tightly together. All she had to do was keep cool until Mumma and Pappa were distracted… then she could shut down the livestream from her bedroom. They’d never have to know.

After Mumma set Katie down in the front room, Katie quickly fixed her towel, before Pappa cleared his throat. “I’ll just set this camera down on the mantle… there! Now we can capture everything… Ahem! All right, Katie dear, listen very carefully. There are going to be some new rules around the house… and strict consequences for breaking

them. From now on, whenever you do something naughty, you get spankies. But spankies aren't just a punishment for being naughty. They're a way to teach you to be a good girl. So that means, from now on, you also get spankies at least once a day, and once before beddy-bye!"

Katie grimaced. "What?!?"

Mumma held up a thick book with a vivid red and black cover. "According to the *Hell High Disciplinary Manual*, these are both special kinds of spankings. They are called, 'Maintenance Spankings,' and 'Bedtime Spankings.' You don't get them for being naughty. These spankings are just to remind you to be good!"

Katie clutched her buttocks, twisting the Spongebob Squarepants pattern of her childhood towel in her huge hands. "But–but–but you already gave me reminder spankings!"

Pappa frowned. "Oh, dearie. Was Katie naughty during her bubble bath? I'm guessing that was all the commotion I overheard."

Mumma sighed. "I'm afraid so. Katie earnt three separate punishment spankings during her bathtime. But don't worry, I remembered to give her the three extra reminder spankings too!"

"That's good. Unfortunately, that still means she earnt three additional bedtime spankings tonight. How many is she up to?"

Katie gritted her teeth. "But... I already got spanked, like, twelve times today!"

Mumma sighed. "Yes, you really should make an effort to improve your behavior, Katie. And you ought to reread your manual. You should already know that reminder

spankings are different than maintenance spankings and bedtime spankings. It's true that all three serve a similar purpose: they all act as reinforcement. But each kind of spanking has its own unique goal."

Feeling tears springing to her eyes, Katie shook her head. "Haven't I been punished more than enough?"

Pappa patted her on her bare shoulder. "Of course you have... for the naughty things you've done today. Of course, you'll probably make more mistakes, and need more punishment spankings in the future, and we will make sure you get them. But even if you behave perfectly for the rest of the day, you've still got a maintenance spanking after nap time."

Mumma held up six fingers. "Plus six reminder spankings and six bedtime spankings."

Pappa shook his head, "Oh, no dear, it will have to be seven bedtime spankings. She always gets at least one, plus an extra bedtime spanking for each misdeed."

Katie felt her head spinning. "What misdeeds?"

Mumma counted off on her fingers. "One for spending your pocket money without asking for permission, one for disobedience during a spanking, one for using naughty words, one for splashing in the tub, one for engaging in dangerous behavior and almost hurting yourself... and *another* one for using naughty words!"

Pappa nodded. "Oh dear, a repeat offense? That will mean an eighth of bedtime spanking then."

Katie felt her breath catch in her throat. "Eight spankings?"

Mumma giggled. “Of course! If you get spanked more than once for any given offense in a single day, that means it’s a more serious behavior issue, and merits an additional spanking.”

Katie felt her knees knocking. “You mean… I get spankings… for getting spankings?”

Pappa sighed, and reached for a notepad on the living room table. “We’ll need to keep track of her reminder spankings. Did you remember to give her a reminder spanking to remind her to obey before each of her punishment spankings?”

Mumma groaned. “Oh, dearie! I think I forgot about those!”

Pappa started scribbling furiously in the notepad. “Drat! Those are non-negotiable. No wonder you had so much trouble with Katie during bathtime. Ah well, I’ll just add an extra three spankings to her afternoon maintenance spanking.”

Mumma tapped the notepad. “No dear, it would have to be an extra *six* spankings. She should have gotten an extra reminder spanking before her three reminder spankings, too.”

Pappa nodded. “Ah, yes! Hold on, are we supposed to give Katie a reminder spanking, to remind her to behave, before we give her a reminder spanking, to remind her to behave?”

Mumma giggled. “Don’t be absurd, dear! If we did that, it’d mean we could never stop spanking her!”

Pappa chuckled. “Oh, of course! That would be a recursive loop, wouldn’t it? Anyway, Katie, do you have any questions for us?”

Katie’s voice cracked. “W-why are you doing this to me?”

Mumma and Pappa smiled sweetly, and answered together. “Because we love you!”

Pappa blinked. “Hold on, do the extra spankings she gets for repeated misbehavior also trigger a set of reminder spankings?

Mumma flipped through the manual, shaking her head. “Hmmm, I'm not sure, dear. Do you think that’s in the prospectus?"

Pappa picked up a stitched stack of papers, bearing a school insignia. “The prospectus just includes Katie’s *Code of Conduct* and preparatory materials for next term. I’m sure the disciplinary manual has the answer to that one.”

As Pappa held up the prospectus, Katie recognized her signature at the bottom of the first page, and snatched it roughly away from her father. “That thing! It’s got something to do with Hell High!”

Pappa snickered. “Well, of course it does, Katie. It is your new school after all!”

Mumma sighed as she closed the dense manual with a snap. “And don’t worry, we’ll keep reviewing the details of the disciplinary program to get you school-ready by September… no matter how much we have to spank you!”

Katie gripped the prospectus, twisting it in her hands as she recognized her own messy signature, in blood-red ink. “B-but… I don’t *want* to go to this school! I don’t *want* to get spanked!”

Pappa sighed, and tapped his finger against the damning signature. “Of course you do, sweetie. You signed it, after all. See? Here's your signature sealing the contract."

As Katie's face turned beet red, she tore the thick bundle of papers cleanly in two, then again into fourths. "No! I don't wanna! *Fuck* this prospectus! *Fuck* this stupid school! I'm the boss of me!"

Katie took deep, heaving breaths. She had done it! Now that she had destroyed the stupid contract, her nightmare was finally over!

Then, Mumma wagged a finger. "Oh, Katie, we've already warned you about using language like that!"

Pappa crossed his arms. "Indeed. Back over Pappa's knee you go!"

Katie cracked her knuckles. "Oh no you don't! You jackasses have beat my ass for the last time! Now it's my turn to..."

At that moment, a fluttering scrap of paper caught her eye. Though she had torn the prospectus cleanly into quarters, Katie spotted a scrap of paper with her signature, which remained fully intact.

Then Pappa snatched Katie by the wrist, and led her towards the sofa.

Mumma clicked her tongue, and she marched primly towards the kitchen. "Tsk, tsk! I'll fetch a fresh bar of soap to wash her mouth out, as soon as you're finished with her."

Katie yelped and yanked with all her might against her father's dainty little hand, to no avail. As Pappa sat, he tugged Katie forwards and across his lap. "Oh, yes! And I've got to give her the reminder spanking, to remind her to behave during her punishment spanking!"

Mumma's voice echoed from the kitchen. "And don't forget her reminder spanking to remind her not to disobey before her reminder spanking to remind her not to use naughty words!"

Pappa lifted the corners of the Spongebob Squarepants towel to reveal Katie's plump, bright-red behind. "Ah, yes! Now, Katie, I expect you to be a good girl, and lie still whenever it is spanking time. Because if you don't..."

Pappa landed a crisp clap across the center of Katie's buttocks, then began to deliver a firm, steady spanking. Katie strained wildly, but her Pappa's tiny left hand against the small of her back felt like an anvil pressing her down, while his right hand felt like a blacksmith's hammer, beating down against her flaming, red-hot bottom.

As Mumma set down a fresh bar of soap, she picked up the pieces of Katie's torn prospectus. "Bollocks. I was hoping to get this framed. Let's hope Hell High can provide a replacement. I'll try to salvage this copy for now."

Pappa grunted as he added extra heft to each slap across Katie's already tender tuchus. "Hmph! Good idea. This may take me a while... All right Katie, now that you've had a reminder, are you ready to be a good girl, and accept your punishment spanking?"

Digging her fingers into the sofa cushion, Katie finally caught her second wind. "Agh! This is insane! I'm too old for spanking! I'm in charge! Me! Me, me, me, me, meeeeeeeee!"

But even Katie could hear the desperation in her own voice, before Pappa cut her off with another wallop. "No, sweetie. I'm sorry, but you have to let a grown up be in charge."

As Katie howled in protest, Pappa raised his voice to be heard above the din. “What does the manual say about extra spankings again? This is the second time Katie's had to be disciplined for protesting today, isn't it?"

Mumma flipped open the manual, tracing her finger along the lines. “I think that protesting a spanking falls under the same category as resisting a spanking: general defiance, disrespect, and disobedience. But it’s a separate instance, so it will trigger an extra punishment spanking now, followed by a reminder spanking, plus an additional bedtime spanking and reminder spanking at bedtime.”

Pappa groaned as he hammered away at his daughter’s derriere. “Plus the additional reminder spankings for disobedience during a spanking. That’s nine bedtime spankings poor Katie has coming tonight.”

“No, ten bedtime spankings tonight. She earnt another for using the f-word.”

“Does she get an eleventh spanking for using it twice?”

“I think that’s left up to the discretion of the disciplinarian.”

“Well, why don’t we stick with just one additional spanking then? I’m already feeling sorry for her poor little bottom.”

“Oh my, you’re so gentle with her. Do you hear that, Katie? Your Pappa is letting you off easy.”

“Yeeaaaaaaarrrgh!” answered Katie.

Pappa paused his spanking. “Oh, I think that should do for the first reminder spanking. Katie, are you ready for your first punishment spanking?

“Aaaah-ha-haaaaaooow!”

Pappa beamed, holding his hand high. “I’ll take that as a yes!”

After delivering Katie’s punishment spanking for defiance during a spanking, followed by another reminder spanking, followed by another punishment spanking for swearing, Mumma helpfully reminded Pappa that Katie needed a final reminder spanking for both offenses, including reminder spankings to act as reinforcement to obey during each reminder spanking. After delivering no less than 1,000 spanks, Pappa winced, and flexed his fingers. “Drat! We are going to need some sturdy spanking implements. Dishing out all these spankings every day is going to be very hard on my poor hand.”

As the spanking finally paused, Katie gasped for breath, between whinging cries.

At that precise moment, the door bell rang with a merry, “Ding-a-ling! Dong!”

A plain-faced woman poked her head into view from behind the door window. “Valkyrie Delivery Service? Need a signature for a large package.”

Mumma opened the door, and cooed as she signed the form. “Goodness! I wasn’t expecting a package. What could it possibly… be?”

But the Valkyrie delivery woman was already long gone. Mumma sniffed, and closed the door. “Hmph! Whatever happened to the good old days of having a friendly chat with the milkman?”

As Katie blinked back fresh tears, she saw a thick, red envelope being shoved through the mail slot. Mumma beamed as she scooped up the envelope, and thrust open the door. “Ooh? You came back? Perhaps you’d like to come in for a spot of… tea?”

Mumma stared at the empty front porch, then peered in every direction, but found no delivery woman. She saw and heard nothing, except for the sound of a hooting bird song from the nearby trees. “... How very peculiar?”

Pappa patted Katie’s bottom. “Well, let’s see what’s in our mystery mail! Katie, march your naughty little bottom straight to the corner. Hands on your head, and place your nose on the wall.”

As Katie slowly registered her absurd instructions, clenched her fists into tight balls. “No! I don’t gotta!”

Pappa sighed, and kicked up a foot to snatch off one of his slippers. “Dash it all... I can see we still have a long way to go."

With that, Pappa delivered a ferocious whack with the leather sole of his slipper, easily covering both of Katie’s butt cheeks. Unfortunately, for Katie, her father had been gifted with enormous feet.

Instantly, Katie felt the difference between the hefty slipper and her father’s dainty hand. “Ow! Ow, ow, ow! I’ll get you for this! I’ll get even! Just you wah–waaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiittt!”

Pappa cut Katie’s argument off with a terrific swat, before increasing the tempo of the spanking. "Now Katie, we can't have this threatening attitude. And that’s *another* punishment spanking for defiance."

Mumma marked a tally on the notebook. “I think she’s up to twelve bedtime spankings now... Oh, look what came! Isn’t this lovely?”

Pappa paused, craning his neck to peek into the box, before suddenly remembering the bountiful, brobdingnagian bare buttocks before him. “What is it, love? Oh, that was just your reminder spanking, Katie. Now let’s start the actual punishment.”

As Pappa renewed the spanking in earnest, Mumma laid out a wooden paddle, a leather strap, and a thin wooden cane, along with a booklet with an old-fashioned illustration of a school-girl being flogged. “It’s the major three spanking implements from Hell High’s traditional program. See the engravings of their coat of arms? Plus, they added this lovely little catalogue of specialty implements we can order.There’s even a section on preparing a bundle of switches. We should have Katie try cutting and preparing her very own switch. Apparently it’s quite cathartic.”

As Katie struggled to make out her mother’s words, she felt her head spinning. “What? No, no, no! We don’t need any of this! You don’t… you don’t need… please don’t spank me!”

Pappa patted the sole of his slipper across Katie’s scorched, sizzling seat. “Katie, your inability to follow orders has earnt you this spanking.”

Mumma held up a finger. “Not to mention the reminder spanking.”

Pappa rubbed soft circles across his target, and to Katie’s horror, she felt the invisible, hellish fire return, burning away the dull ache. She felt each soft tap as keenly as the very first spank she’d gotten earlier today, though that now seemed like millennia ago. Pappa patted Katie’s bottom, and raised the slipper high. “And, of course, you’ve earnt an additional spanking for needing two punishment spankings in one day, for the same offense.”

Mumma licked her pen and made a tic on her notepad. “That’s thirteen!”

“Now hold still, Sweetie, I need to finish this slippering."

As Katie shook her head wildly, howling, the Spongebob Squarepants towel wrapped around her hair came loose, and her long wet bangs flew wildly. “Nuuu-hooooo! Uuuuaaa-ha-haaaaaaaw!”

Pappa delivered another set of twenty smacks at full strength, before pausing. “Darling, do I really have to give Katie all the reminder spankings, each and every time? I’m afraid I’ll never be able to keep track.”

Mumma sighed, and perused the manual. “We really ought to be thorough, if we want to prepare Katie properly... but I suppose the reminder spankings are considered discretionary. Only the punishment spankings have a required minimum for the number of strokes.”

“Oh, thank goodness. In that case, Katie...”

Pappa delivered the firmest whack yet, aiming for Katie’s lower-left buttock. “... Remember to hold still during spankings...”

A second smack, aimed at her lower-right buttock, “... Remember not to talk back during spankings...”

A third slap, across the exact same spot on her lower-right buttock. “... Remember not to threaten Mumma or Pappa...”

A fourth swat, this time across Katie’s lower-left buttock. “... Remember not to use naughty words...”

The fifth and final blow landed across the center of Katie's buttocks with a thick splat. "... And remember to be a good girl, and go to time out when you're told. Now, Kitty-kat, are you going to go stand in the corner, like a good girl?"

Katie heaved her chest, gulping for breath, between sobs. "Yeeeeeeesss! Yeh-he-hesssss!"

The last sound she managed to make was a squeak of surprise before Mumma pressed the soap bar into Katie's mouth. Instantly, it pressed down against her tongue, and stuck fast.

Pappa patted Katie's bottom, and stood her up. "That's a good girl. Off to timeout you go."

As she felt the small towel around her torso start to come loose, Katie quickly tried to fix it, before her Mumma pinched it and pulled it away, like a magician performing the tablecloth trick. "Ah, ah! I'd say you're plenty dry by now. Let's have that naughty botty on full display. If you feel silly having your red, spanked little bottom hanging out, just remember how silly your behavior has been today."

Katie stiffened as she felt the cool air, but with the ache of the last spanking still fresh in her mind, she tried to race to the corner, only to discover it was impossible for her to move normally without awakening the lingering ache. Her glutes were so sore and tender, she was forced to perform a sort of bouncing, skipping, shuffling motion with each step.

Just as Katie pressed her nose against the wall, she heard an envelope being torn open, followed by Mumma's squeal of delight. "Look at this! A fresh copy of the prospectus... with Katie's signature!"

"Hmm? When could Katie possibly have had time to sign this one?"

Katie stiffened, then twisted to peer over her shoulder, careful not to remove her nose from the wall. Inwardly she screamed. *"No, it's just not possible!"*

Mumma giggled. "I suppose they must have multiple copies on file. Thank goodness! I'll go hang this one up on the fridge, in case Katie decides to have another one of her adorable little temper tantrums."

"Good idea. Then we can review the catalogue. We should order at least one of every implement!"

Hunching her shoulders, Katie stared at the wall, not wanting to find out if peeping was considered disobedience. As she stood, she tried to hold her jaw steady, and breathe deep through her nose to avoid wetting the soap bar with her saliva... but it was as if an invisible finger was pressing down against the soap, rubbing it gently back and forth, then in circles. Quickly, sudsy drool started to drip from the end of the bar. Katie almost choked, before she began to think clearly.

Of course, the contract from Hell High must have something to do with this. She didn't remember signing it, but she'd destroyed the first copy. Now that the fools had sent her the only remaining copy, she just had to tear it up, and she'd be free of its power.

Katie smiled, before nearly retching on the thick film of the soap. Katie pressed her forehead against the wall, letting her slobber drip freely to the carpet. Of course, she was an elite gamer girl. A strong and powerful woman. And this was a simple puzzle. All she had to do was solve it, and she would be free again... and then... it'd be Mummy and Pappa's turn for a spanking. Katie bit down on the soap bar, fuming. *"Oh, ho, yes... the spanking of a lifetime!"*

Peeking across her shoulder, Katie saw her parents fully engrossed in the catalogue. She was in their blind spot. Carefully, Katie crept out of the corner, and tip-toed softly towards the kitchen, ignoring the screams of protest from her butt cheeks with every straining motion.

She saw the prospectus hanging on the fridge, as if it was waiting to greet her. Thanks to the soapy bubbles, Katie seemed to be frothing at the mouth as she closed in on the document, before she heard a sharp, hooting sound. Katie froze, then spun on her heels, covering her breasts and her front with her huge hands. But no one was there. She could still make out her parents chatting amiably in the next room. Out of the corner of her eye, Katie saw something fly past the window, and whistled with relief. *"Just a stupid bird,"* she thought.

Snatching the prospectus off the fridge, Katie tried to rip it in two with one clean tug, only for the thick bundle of papers to resist her. Katie strained twice, before taking a deep breath, and twisting with both hands to slowly rend it in two. Carefully, Katie made absolutely certain the name of her own signature, "Katie 'The Bulky' Bolker" was ripped right down the middle. Chortling and choking with glee, Katie thrust open the trash bin drawer, and chucked the torn remains of the prospectus. Then, she noticed a sealed, white envelope, and examined it. "Heaven High: To Bring Peace on Earth, and Good Will Towards Men!"

With a derisive snort, Katie let the envelope flop back into the trash, but as she closed it, a scrap of paper fluttered to the floor. Katie stooped to pick it up... and discovered it was a piece of paper, with her entire signature, still intact. Katie didn't blink.

Then, with trembling hands, she quickly tore the scrap of paper in two, and threw it away. Of course, it was just one of the pieces from the first copy of the prospectus. Now, they were both gone! But as Katie opened the drawer, she saw the prospectus greeting

her. It was crumpled and torn at the edges, but it was completely intact... including her signature.

Snatching up the prospectus, Katie ripped the first page free from the rest of the document, and easily ripped it in half. But as she held up the pieces, she saw the tear had angled wildly off center, missing her signature. Dropping the other half of the page, Katie twisted to rip apart her signature again, but the paper didn't yield. Katie sank her teeth deep into the soap bar, straining with all her might, but she couldn't so much as dent it. Hissing with rage, Katie snatched up a pair of scissors, her whole body shaking as she tried to snip the final scrap of paper with her intact signature. Twice, the paper seemed to slip from the scissors grip, before they finally caught the edge and started to cut. Sweat dripped from Katie's brow as she squeezed the scissors with such force, the metal blades started to groan under the strain.

Mumma's voice cracked like a whip from behind her. "Katie Bulke Bolker! What on earth are you doing with–"

As she jumped, Katie bit the soap bar clean in two, almost swallowing half of it, and one of the blades of the scissors snapped and went flying into the air.

Mumma screamed. "–my scissors? Oh, Katie, shame on you! Shame, shame, shame. You could have put your eye out! That's definitely worth another spanking. You're not to play with Mummy's—"

As Mumma snatched Katie by the wrist, she spotted the torn remains of the prospectus. "You tore up the code of conduct... again?"

Pappa appeared at the kitchen door. "She did *what* again? Katie! What if the headmaster of your school finds out? He might not think you want to be a Hellion!"

Katie spluttered, pointing desperately at the torn remains of the prospectus. "Buhb–maii domf whahmma beemah Hewweahff!" ["But–I don't wanna' be a Hellion!"]

Pappa rolled up his sleeve. "That does it, Katie. Now, I'm afraid I'll have to be strict with you."

Mumma held up a hand as she marched Katie out of the kitchen. "Not so fast! Remember your blood pressure. Besides, I think it's my turn to take a crack at Katie."

Pappa wiped his brow. "Very well. I'll just wait til Katie's bed time. Hopefully, I'll have cooled off by then. Remember, Mumma, we mustn't punish our beloved Katie in anger."

"Yes, yes, I'll make sure I've taken all my anger out on Katie's naughty little booty, *before* I punish her for the scissors."

Pappa beamed, as he rolled up his other sleeve. "Quite right. Then there's the punishment for tearing up her prospectus, again... which means another spanking for repeating the same offensive behavior. How many bedtime spankings is she up to?"

Mumma scoffed as she seated herself on the couch, and easily yanked her screeching, protesting daughter across the maternal lap. "I think past a certain point, we can just set a timer for a few hours and spank her continuously. There's a section on 'Creative Alternatives to Traditional Spanking' at the back of the manual."

"My, my! How progressive!"

As Mumma began to spank Katie in earnest, Pappa picked up the disciplinary manual, and sat to read it. As he pulled out his pipe, he had a contented look on his face. "You

know, this is the most relaxed I've felt in years. There must be something to this whole theory of spanking as a form of catharsis."

Katie screamed, sticking out her tongue as she gagged on suds, but by now, the remains of the soap bar had bonded to her tongue like glue.

***

Mumma carried out a long hand spanking, before asking Pappa to fetch her her favorite hairbrush.

Pappa held up the wooden paddle. "Sure you don't want to try one of these?"

Mumma shook her head. "I want to practice with those before I use them for punishment spankings."

"Practice? How on earth are you going to practice?"

"I'll practice on Katie, of course!"

Katie moaned. By now, the soap bar had dissolved into a puddle of white foam in her mouth, meaning she could finally manage to speak semi-coherently again. "Noooooooo... Pah-puh-leeeeeze! Hah... huh... Nah-hooooooooo!"

Pappa flipped to a page in the manual. "Hold on, it says here that preparing Katie for school discipline falls under a different category... disciplinary spanking."

Mumma pursed her lips. "You mean punishment spankings?"

“No, no, disciplinary spanking. There is overlap, of course, but there’s a subtle distinction between the two.”

“And that is?”

“While punishment spankings are tied to a specific instance of improper behavior, disciplinary spankings are about imposing a proper structure to encourage good behavior. For example, all maintenance spankings fall under the category of disciplinary spankings. Which reminds me… Katie, honey. If you want, instead of giving you your maintenance spankings with my hand, I can instead use one of these implements. Would you like that?”

Katie spat, seething. “Pwah! No! Of *course*, I wouldn’t like that! Are you stupid?”

Mumma landed a ferocious swat with the hairbrush. “Try that again, Katie, and more politely.”

“Agh! Okay, okay! Just *don’t* do that, please!”

Pappa shook his head. “Are you sure, Katie? You’re going to need to get the paddle, the strap, and the cane sooner or later, or you’ll never be ready to submit to them in school. I really think we should substitute your regular maintenance spankings for a training session with each of these implements. It will be harder at first, but you’ll thank me later.”

Katie slapped her forehead against the sofa cushion. “I already said no! When I say no, I mean no!”

Pappa sighed. “Very well… In that case, I’ll just give you your regular maintenance spanking with my hand… followed by a training session with all three implements.

Every... single... day. You're very brave to ask for additional discipline, Katie. I'm so proud of you!"

Katie's eyes popped open, and she bounced up and down on her Mumma's lap. "What? No, no, no! That's not what I want! I meant–"

Mumma cut Katie off with another ferocious blow of the hairbrush. "Nonsense, Katie. Of course you want to make your Pappa proud of you. Why else would you ask us for all this spanking? Because deep down, you know it's what you need!"

With a long, shuddering wail, Katie rolled back her head, arching her back, and kicking up her feet to shield her bottom, before quickly remembering to pull them away. "Sorry! I'm sorry!"

Mumma tapped Katie's bottom with the hairbrush. "Ah, ah, ah! That was too close! I'm glad I took the time to emphasize the importance of not shielding your bottom this time. I can see this spanking is already having a positive, moderating effect on your behavior. You're becoming a good little girl again."

Pappa picked up the duffel bag, and fished out a pacifier. "Which reminds me... Look, Katie, it's your favorite old dummy, from when you were just a baby!"

As Katie tried to plead, Pappa popped the pacifier in her mouth, and as she tried to spit it out, she felt the same Hellish power from before holding it in place.

Pappa patted Katie on the top of her head, ruffling her messy hair. "Now that you've been properly punished, we can finally start over with a clean slate, just like we promised. Here, let's get you dressed."

Katie clenched her glutes as she spotted the contents of the bag: a rubber bib, a frilly pink bonnet, and a pair of mittens and socks, hand-knitted from pink wool. Katie tried to say, “Oh, fuck!” but most fortunately for her bottom, all she could manage was to suck loudly on the pacifier.

Glancing at the handheld camera on the mantle, Katie quickly covered her front as her Mumma lifted her up off her lap. Katie tried to twist away, but her Mumma sat her right back down on her lap and tied the bonnet over Katie’s head, while Pappa attached the bib. The front of it was decorated with cartoony words: “Oops! I made a mess!”

Katie shook her head as she was set down on the floor, before she was laid to rest on her back, and the socks and mittens were forced onto her as well. Pappa frowned as he peeked in the duffel bag. “Mumma… we’re not really going to put Katie in nappies again, are we? I found a couple from when she was a baby, but… well, I don’t think they’re big enough to fit her anymore.”

Mumma sighed. “I suppose you’re right. But the whole point of this exercise is to act as a symbolic reset. It’s too bad we don’t have diapers, big enough for… well, such a big baby.”

Suddenly, the door bell rang. Pappa answered it, and found the exact same Valkyrie delivery woman, holding a trolley of six cardboard boxes, decorated with a cartoon giraffe in diapers. “Um… got a year’s supply of adult diapers here for a… Katie the Bulky 1337 Gamer Grrl? Sign here please?”

Pappa examined the clipboard. “What? From who?”

The delivery woman shrugged. “Uh, it just says, from your adoring fans. Plus there’s a smaller package here. This one’s signed… from your old pal, Lil’ Miss Spanky Pants?”

Pappa turned to glance at Mumma. “Strange packages from strangers? Why would anybody be sending Katie adult diapers?”

Katie tensed, and glanced at the handheld camera on the mantle. Sure enough, the red recording light was still on, as well as the blue light that indicated the wi-fi connection was working perfectly.

Mumma giggled. “Why, isn’t it obvious? Katie’s fans must be sending it to her presents as some sort of in-joke. I assume it’s got something to do with internet memes. The best ones are always so random! Isn’t that right, Katie?”

Katie swallowed, then nodded, mumbling past the pacifier. “Mm-hmmph!”

The delivery woman finally spotted Katie. “Huh. Internet stuff. Well... I’ll leave you to it.”

As the woman turned, an owl swept down from a nearby tree, and landed on her head. The woman dropped her clipboard as she flailed. “Agh! What is it? Get off!”

Katie saw the owl drop a red envelope, before it fluttered away. The delivery woman groaned. “Ugh... I don’t get paid enough for this...”

Then the woman glanced at Katie, still hunching on the floor. “Katie... the Bulky, huh? I’ll see if I can search for your profile.”

Pappa chuckled. “Ah dear, you’re a gamer too? Just to warn you, Katie’s been a very naughty girl, so she’s lost all gaming privileges. It might be a few months before she’s allowed to use the internet again.”

Mumma winked, then rolled Katie onto her stomach to expose her bright red bottom, which Mumma patted playfully. “You might say… she’s going to have a hard time *sitting down* to play video games for a good, long while.”

Katie bit down on the pacifier, and glanced over her shoulder, blushing. “Pwweeeeath!”

The delivery woman blinked. “You know what… maybe my job ain’t so bad after all. Later, folks!”

After Pappa closed the door, he spotted the red envelope on the ground. “Hmm? The delivery girl must have dropped this… Oh ho! I think I might know what this is…”

Pappa popped open the red envelope, and pulled out another copy of the prospectus. “Mumma! I think Katie was playing a little prank on us!”

Katie’s pupils shrunk to the size of pinpricks as she recognized her signature at the bottom, in blood red ink.

Mumma sniffed. “Well, it wasn’t a very nice prank, if you ask me. But I suppose we already spanked Katie for that, so all that’s left is to get her diapered and put her down for a nap.”

Pappa pulled out a pack of diapers, and patted it.

Katie tensed at the mention of the word diapers. Crouching on all fours, she readied herself to pounce like a cat, and fight. But as she spotted the horrible contract, the whole world seemed to disappear around her, except the burning image of her glowing, red signature.

Then, with tears springing to her eyes, Katie flipped over the entire couch, before she flopped down to lie on her tummy, kicking her feet and pummeling her fists. “Nooooph! Nommwanna! Mahm’ah digh’goooh!” [“No! No wanna’! I’m a big girl!”]

With a mighty kick, Katie sent the living room table sailing across the room, before twisting to lie on her back, flailing her legs and arms wildly.

Mumma shook her head as she caught Katie’s ankle, and pulled her daughter’s legs up into a diaper position. “Nah, ah ah! None of that! Throwing temper tantrums? At your age?”

Pappa grimaced as he began to diaper Katie. “Um... darling, we’re not going to make Katie actually *use* these things, are we?”

Mumma scoffed. “Oh, good heavens, no! ... Assuming she behaves herself. I potty trained Katie once. Never again! ... So you’d better hope your daughter learns to behave herself, or it’s your turn.”

Pappa finished taping the diaper in place, and patted Katie’s bottom, before scooping her up and into his arms. “I don’t think there will be any need for that. Once Katie learns to accept a spanking, we can graduate her to toddler clothes. The book recommends we reevaluate her once a week, allowing her to advance to more mature clothing if she makes progress.”

“Hopefully she doesn’t regress. I’d hate to send her to school dressed like this... Thank you for helping me diaper our sweet little baby!

“Grab the camera, won’t you, my love? We’re putting Katie down for her very first nap. I want to treasure this moment.”

As Mumma retrieved the camera, she spotted the smaller package from Lil' Miss Spanky Pants. "... By the way, what's in the little box?"

"See for yourself! Whoever Lil' Miss Spanky Pants is, she must be quite a big fan of Katie the Bulky!"

Mumma popped it open. "A baby monitor? ... Which reminds me, we'll need to hire a baby sitter to watch Katie, if you and I ever want to go on another date again."

Katie's face sank as she saw the contents of the box. The baby monitor resembled a small robot with a cartoonish face, pointing a little finger at her in an adorable imitation of stern authority.

Pappa hummed. "Wasn't there some nice girl in Katie's class who used to have a baby sitting gig? The girl Katie said she liked so much?"

"The one from the debate team? Spotty faced girl with braces?"

"Yes! That's the one! I think I still have her parents' number." Pappa set Katie down in her crib, which had been set up right in front of her full-sized bed. The crib was so scrunched, Katie was forced to tuck her knees against her chest as he laid her to rest.

As she carried her daughter into her bedroom, Mumma kissed Katie on the nose. "Now, Katie, dear, you've had a rough first day. But you still have plenty of lessons to learn about respecting our authority. So get some rest."

Pappa set down the cartoony baby monitor on Katie's dresser, before waving his finger in a similar gesture of mock authority. "And no sneaking out during nap time!"

Clutching the edge of her crib, Katie wiped away the tears clinging to her eyelashes, and dimly became aware of her surroundings. Dad had forgotten to activate the baby monitor. Glancing at her gamer set up, Katie realized it had all been left intact. As Katie tried to stand, she almost slipped. The pink socks were slick, and the mittens made it hard to grip anything.

Ignoring the throbbing, pulsing sensation from her bruised and blistered buttocks, Katie climbed out of her crib and crawled towards her computer. Then she suddenly remembered she didn't need to crawl, and stood, pawing at the mittens. But they were tied far too tight.

Finally, she whistled with frustration, and grabbed the mouse. Slowly, Katie started to type out her password, before pausing to rip a sticky note off the screen. It read, "Remember, Katie: No video games! –Love, Pappa."

Thanks to her fingerless gloves, it took Katie three tries before she unlocked her desktop. As soon as she brought up the live stream... Katie saw her own face on screen. It was still live, and hundreds of comments were flying past the chat box. Katie looked for the streaming software to shut down the broadcast, before a comment caught her eye.

"We did it, Katie! We saved you from getting banned!"

Katie blinked. Then she noticed her subscriber count and concurrent viewers. That morning, she had been struggling to get to 1,000 concurrent viewers. Rubbing her eyes, Katie saw she now had well over 100,000 people listed under "Watching Now."

More comments caught her eye. "We kept switching the camera angle, any time it was getting too close to showing something!"

"Patron here! We archived everything, before Patreon shut you down!"

Then Katie spotted a strange user name. LilMissSpankyPants wrote: “Katie Bulke Bolker! What are you doing out of bed, young lady?”

Seething with rage, Katie clicked on the chat, planning to type out an obscene threat. But the moment she clicked on the window, a pop up appeared. “Parental Controls: This Action is Not Allowed! Enter Password to Unlock.”

Katie’s eyes widened, before she scrambled to open the computer’s task functions. Everything was locked. Of course! If her dad had installed parental controls, without touching anything else, that meant everything would continue to run, exactly as she had left it. Katie looked around her room, and saw all the cameras she had installed herself. They were like evil eyes, watching her from every angle. A panopticon, and all of her own devising. Katie clawed at the desk with her pink mittens. If she could just unplug the computer...

Then, her bedroom door opened slowly and Pappa appeared, with Mumma right behind him. “Shhh! Silly me. Forgot to set up the baby monitor. I’ll just be quiet so I don’t wake... Katie?”

Then Mumma’s eyes narrowed. “Katie Bulke Bolker! What are you doing out of bed, young lady?”

Katie waved her pink mittens in front of her, before everything started to happen, with nothing she could do to stop it from happening.

Before Katie knew it, she was lying on her tummy across Mummy and Pappa’s knees, before she felt her diaper being yanked off to reveal her bare bottom to the cameras behind her.

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Outside Katie's window, a horned owl roosted on a tree branch, ruffling its feathers as it watched the proceedings. *"Hmm... Can't recall ever seeing this happen when I delivered letters for that other magical school,"* thought the owl.

As the owl narrowed its yellow eyes, it caught a full glimpse of the young woman being laid on her back. Then her ankles were lifted high in the air, as both parents delivered round two of her ongoing spanking, using both a slipper and a hairbrush.

The owl clicked its beak. *"Though if you ask me... this is a definite improvement!"*

[End of Part 3]

Katie the Bulky Gets Schooled:
Part 1: First Impressions

The crowded students of Hell High parted in awe as Katie the Bulky arrived on campus, fashionably late. She left a trail of cigarette smoke in her wake as she stomped down the entrance hall, her heavy army boots contrasting sharply with her thighhigh stockings. Her lanky black hair was a mess, while her weathered red denim shorts barely contained her muscular buttocks. All eyes in the room were instantly drawn to her baggy, punk-rock t-shirt which proudly proclaimed: "Yuck Fou!"

A spectacled girl froze like a deer, before Katie casually barrelled over her like an oncoming train. "Hey, watch where you're going, chipmunk."

Katie blinked as she took a closer look at the shorter student. For some reason, her skirt was rolled up at the back, revealing a tiny peep of her white panties. Casually, Katie flicked the student's nose. "What's that? Some kind of fashion statement? Better not let the teachers see you looking like that."

The spectacled student glanced at the back of her skirt, blushing. "But... but the teacher was the one who made me do it."

All the students froze as the intercom clicked on, and a stern male face appeared on one of the television screens that monitored from every corner of the ceiling. "Students, be aware that the traditional House Sorting Ceremony will take place immediately after the final period. Attendance is mandatory. Also, Katie Bulke Bolker, student ID number 1-6-1-8, please report to the Head Tormentor's Office on floor 9B, immediately!"

Katie felt a pit in her stomach. *"Ugh. Even here there's stuffed shirts,"* she thought.

But with so many eyes on her, Katie decided to keep cool. After all, this was her first chance to build her reputation. “Sweet, looks like I’m getting the royal welcome. See you dorks later!”

***

Katie passed under an ornately-carved, double-sided wooden door, bearing some sort of Latin motto Katie didn’t care to read.

A little old woman with triangular spectacles was seated at an antique typewriter. Hanging above her head was a typographic poster: “Indeed, the safest road to hell is the gradual one. –Screwtape.”

A placard on her desk read: “Mrs. Minos, Head Secretary.”

Katie seated herself on the secretary’s desk. “Which way to the Head Mentor guy? He wants to see me.”

Mrs. Minos blinked, like a fat toad eyeing an equally fat fly, then pointed a long, pointed fingernail to the lonely door on the opposite side of the room. “If you mean the *Head Tormentor*, you’re looking for Mr. Belial. It’s the door with ‘Head Tormentor’ written over it. You can’t miss it… no matter how much you might want to.”

Katie tried to think of a clever retort, and when none occurred to her, she grumbled and marched away. Katie roughly shoved open the Head Tormenter’s door. “Well? Whaddaya want?”

She found Mr. Belial seated behind his desk. Everything about him was sharp, from his suit, to his neat, pointed goatee beard, to the widow’s peak in his glossy black hair. But sharpest of all were his eyes. "Miss Bolker I presume. Come in. Close the door. Quietly. "

Katie slammed the door behind her.

Without blinking, Mr. Belial pressed a button on his desk, and the intercom's red light flickered to life. "... That was not quietly. Do you *want* to disturb your classmates and teachers?"

Katie crossed her arms, affecting her most smug, relaxed smile. "I don't care who hears. I like the idea of people knowing Katie the Bulky earnt a trip to the office on her first day. I'm gonna' be a legend around here."

"Miss Katie Bulke Bolker, you have been summoned to my office for a disciplinary hearing. Slamming doors is not acceptable at Hell High, but we'll address that matter soon enough..."

Without waiting for an invitation, Katie sat down on a cheap office chair opposite him. "Oooh, what're you gonna do? Spank my poor wittle bum-bum, til I cry?"

***

As Mr. Belial and Katie the Bulky's voices echoed over the school intercom system, all the faculty of Hell High paused mid-lecture, and the gathered students glanced up to catch the ongoing conversation.

Then, the old TVs started to spark to life, their screens crackling as they loaded hidden camera views of Mr. Belial's office. A chiron on the screen showed the current date and time, along with the words, "Security Footage. Archive available upon request for legal and historical purposes."

***

With a quick glance at the hidden cameras spread around his office covering every possible angle, Mr. Belial pulled out a small, black pocket book. "Have you had time to read the school rules, perchance? I know your parents received a copy. They called to tell me they were quite ecstatic about the disciplinary regimen for Hell High."

Katie felt her throat tighten. After weeks of daily maintenance spankings, and being treated like a baby by her parents, Katie had finally been determined "fit" to be let out in public again, and even granted the right to choose her own wardrobe. Katie had known that Hell High used corporal punishment, and had even come to dread the looming threat of it. But a small part of her had hoped, against hope, that once she got out of her parents' home, and back into a school setting, she'd be able to brass it out. "Hmm? Oh yeah, I skimmed it. But I figured, since it's Hell, I really should be the one handing out the punishments."

Mr. Belial smiled, and shook his head. "No, Miss Bolker, that is not how things work at Hell High. Only those at the top of the hierarchy get to hand out the punishments. And you only get to rise the hierarchy by following the rules."

"But I thought you guys hated rules and stuff? That's what your brochure said."

"I see you didn't read the Educational Philosophy section very carefully. We don't hate rules. He hate *irrational* rules. We hate the illusion of moral law. You see, most schools foster the idea that there is a simple, black and white distinction between a supposed 'good' and 'evil.' We reject such fairy tale notions. Our rules at Hell High are simply *rational*. Our rule-system is what allows the powerful to rise to the top, and keep the weak pressed firmly under heel. We call a King or Queen a 'ruler' precisely because they endure, and enforce, this power system. Is rising the hierarchy something you wish to do?"

Katie chewed this new information over. She wasn't much of a moral philosopher, but the part about being a Queen and stamping the weak under her heel had a definite appeal. "Hmm, does following the rules mean I get to spank some of the nerds around here? Cuz if so, yeah, I can cut it."

"Good. So we are in agreement? You will be following the rules, to the letter."

Katie kicked up her feet on the desk, her army boots dripping mud. "Yeah sure. If it gets me higher up the ladder, I can take whatever you dish out, Sergeant Pepper."

Mr. Belial's goatee seemed to billow like black smoke, before he took a deep breath. "... Which then leads us to my next question. Why aren't you in uniform?"

Katie snorted. "... Uh, cause I don't want to look like a twerp?"

"Wearing a full uniform is compulsory. It's part of the rules, the rules you just agreed to follow. And not following those rules makes you subject to disciplinary action. A spanking. Specifically, one spanking for each and every incorrect piece of clothing you are wearing."

Katie glanced down at her outfit. Come to think of it, her parents had mentioned something about her needing to go shopping for a school uniform. Katie groaned. "Sigh, okay, sure. Let's get this over with."

Mr. Belial glanced at the mud dripping from Katie's army boots. "So, you are wearing a shirt, shorts, and shoes that are not part of the required uniform. Your stockings would be acceptable, if combined with a skirt of the proper length. Do your bra and knickers conform to school standards, at least?"

Katie eyed the little leather book on the desk by her feet. "Uh..."

Setting her feet down, Katie rifled through the book, and found an illustration depicting a young woman wearing plain undergarments, entirely like her own. “... Now, let’s say they don’t, is it really fair to include something no one can see as part of the uniform?”

"It is part of the Hell High rules. We have written them for a reason. Without rules there would be anarchy. Besides, your official school blouse is thin enough, most people will be able to see your bra through it. And when your skirt is rolled up at the back, people will likely see your knickers.”

“But doesn’t that kind of defeat the purpose? Isn’t the point of a school uniform for us to be modest and stuff? You know, not distract the lads too much?”

“We don’t care about modesty. We care about uniformity. Now, do your undergarments conform to the school’s rules, or not?”

Katie looked furtively at the rule book. “Fraid not, your Tormentiness.”

Mr. Belial smiled, and stood up. He struck Katie as strangely tall behind his desk. "Very well. So shirt, shorts, shoes, bra, and knickers. Six items. Six separate spankings."

Mr. Belial stood and strode over to a wall-mounted cabinet with a lead-paned-glass front.

Katie blinked as she tried to mentally count along with the Tormentor. “Six... wait, isn’t that only–”

Katie was cut off as Belial thrust the doors of the cabinet open. "Six spankings... Each administered with a different implement."

Katie was greeted by a dazzling collection of hair brushes, slippers, paddles, canes, straps, belts, tawses, and several tools of corporal punishment Katie couldn't even name.

As Katie swallowed a lump in her throat, Mr. Belial leered at her. "As I'm sure you know, you may have a single spanking from my hand as well. Some students seem to think that a hand spanking is less severe than the other implements. Afraid I have no insight on the subject. You may choose the first implement."

As Katie spotted the cane, she suddenly had a bright idea. It looked slender, far lighter than a proper walking cane. "Cane first."

"After all," she thought, *"better to get that one over a clothed bottom, so it hurts less."*

Mr. Belial raised an eyebrow as he procured the thin willow cane. "An intriguing choice... Very well. Bend over that chair. Put your palms flat on the seat."

Katie rolled her eyes, then assumed the position. She felt her red shorts tug tight as she bent over far enough to reach the seat. *"Stupid, shrimpy little chairs,"* she thought.

Katie heard a few sharp whistles as Mr. Belial practiced swinging the cane through the air, before taking up his position just behind and beside Katie. Then he tapped the cane gently against her bottom. "Six strokes."

As Katie heard the cane cutting through the air, she flinched... and felt nothing. She felt another couple of light taps, and as she opened her eyes and glanced around, she caught a glimpse of Mr. Belial arcing his whole body backwards, the cane high above his head.

THWACK!

Katie felt the cane traveling in a single, straight line, squarely across the center of her bottom, like a box-cutter knife across cardboard. Katie had been introduced to a nursery cane at home, so she had prepared herself to feel the “aftershock” as a thin welt rose in place. But something strange happened. She thought she felt a phantom pain, like an itch, all across her bottom.

From behind, Katie’s bottom looked perfectly normal to ordinary eyes. But from the Head Tormentor’s perspective, he could make out the rising heat of the cane stroke, and a ghostly red glow as a hellish fire traced six additional welts in sets of three, above and below the one “real” stripe.

Katie grunted as she felt the first impact, then snorted as she noticed what was unmistakably seven separate fresh welts rising into place, all at once. With horror, Katie remembered the Hellish contract she’d somehow signed by accident this summer. With an effort, Katie resisted the urge to scream. Then terror clutched her heart. It had taken every ounce of her will power to not break down crying after one stroke.

Katie gaped, as she noticed the rising heat from the six welts was already starting to press against her shorts, like a furnace. “Wha? What in Hell?”

"Yes."

Then, Katie felt Mr. Belial tapping the cane against her butt again, with a soft, “Pat, pat, pat.”

Mr. Belial clicked his tongue. "I must say, I was impressed by your choice of the cane for your first punishment. Hmm... perhaps ‘impressed’ is not the proper word. Surprised, more like. The cane certainly does set the bottom up nicely for the remaining chastisement. "

Swish... THWACK!

The second magical stroke of the cane drew a burning line of pain just below the first, followed by another set of seven welts.

Katie roared, then pressed her lips together and hummed.

In no particular hurry, Mr. Belial playfully tapped Katie's bottom with the cane again. *"She will break,"* he thought. "Trying to pretend it doesn't hurt? What exactly is the point of entertaining a polite fiction, when both of us know it to be such?"

Mr. Belial landed three precise strokes of the cane in rapid succession, without sacrificing an ounce of his ferocious strength. He aimed each one slightly lower than the previous blow, so that fifth welt stretched right across Katie's lower bottom, just touching her upper thighs.

"Now, Miss Bolker, how many was that?"

Katie hissed for air, thinking only of how her ass felt like she'd just sat on the iron bars of an antique furnace. As she finally registered the question, she realized she hadn't been keeping count. "Ow! ... Uh... four?"

Belial revealed his white teeth in a broad smile. "If you say so."

He administered another two strokes, back to back, each landing perfectly across one of the previous welts.

The moment after the sixth stroke landed, Katie howled, then growled as she stood up, clutching her buttocks with both of her huge hands. "Six!"

Belial playfully slapped the cane against Katie's thighs. "Now, Katie, surely you recall the rule which forbids you to stand up during a spanking. I know we were finished with the set of six, but I didn't announce it. So, bend back over. We are going to repeat that last stroke."

Katie scowled as she rounded on Belial. "Huh? Good God! Can't you let me off with a warning, you fuuuh..."

As Katie noticed Belial was at eye-level with her, she froze. Hadn't she towered over him when she first entered the room? Katie decided a change of tack was in order. "You... fellow Hellion! After all, you don't want to spend all day spanking me, do you?"

Katie batted her eyes, hoping Mr. Belial had a thing for the coy, effeminate type. But Belial only sniggered. "Stop making faces, my dear. I am the Head Tormentor. Spanking naughty brats is literally all I do, all day, every day. However, I suppose that too much caning can have a numbing effect. Given the considerable spanking you still have to come, I will overlook the matter, for now."

Katie sighed with relief. *"Heh. Thanks for letting me off easy, wimp. Now I know you don't follow through on your threats..."* she thought.

Belial hung the cane on its hook. "Now, that was the spanking for wearing an incorrect brassiere. Next we will carry out the punishment for wearing the incorrect shoes. And I believe this slipper to be the most appropriate tool."

Katie flinched as she felt the cane marks twinge, then puffed her hair out of her eyes. "Kay."

The slipper had a faded red tartan pattern, and looked to be at least a size 14 (or for any of our Yankee readers, a men's size 15). Katie noticed the underside was covered in little rubber bobbles, and guessed they had something to do with allowing a tighter grip.

The sole looked soft and squishy. *"After all, slippers are supposed to be comfy, right?"* thought Katie.

Belial sat down on the same chair Katie had used earlier, gripping the hefty slipper in his right fist, which presumably was his dominant hand. "Across my knee, Miss Bolker. Given your considerable size, you may end up with your chin on the floor to get the angle right. So I suggest resting it on your hands.

Katie pouted as she flopped down across her tormentor's left thigh. "Hmmph."

Katie did indeed find that her face would reach the floor, but instead opted to rest her weight on her elbows, determined to look cool. *"After all, it can't be worse than the cane,"* she thought.

As Belial patted her bottom with the slipper, Katie realized that despite her size, the sole could damn near cover both ass cheeks.

Then there was a whoosh of air as it ploughed down onto her wide bottom.

It sent a shock wave through Katie's whole behind, the ripple traveling through each of the throbbing bruises left by the cane, as if they were all struck afresh, and all at once.

As Katie jerked forwards, she clenched her teeth, her face scrunching up into a delightfully comic expression of confusion mixed with consternation. "Ffffuuuuuck!"

"Something to say Miss Bolker?"

Katie hissed. “No sir... Just admiring the view of the shag carpet.”

“You know, I’m surprised you didn’t opt to remove your shoes, and avoid this spanking in the first place.”

Katie snorted, trying to disguise the obvious pain in her voice behind sarcasm. “Oh, is that an option?”

"It’s clearly laid out in the rules, Miss Bolker. You can avoid any spanking for a dress code violation by opting to remove an offending item. Unfortunately we have already begun the spanking for your incorrect shoes, so we must continue."

“Wuhut? Wait, I’ll take off my shoes! Just lemme—”

But Katie’s protests were cut off as Belial tugged sharply on the waistband of Katie’s shorts, pulling them into a wedgie that exposed the undercurves of her lower buttocks, followed by five hard smacks from the slipper.

Although he delivered the spanking at a furious pace, Belial landed each blow of the slipper across a different region of Katie’s bottom, just to make sure she felt each one keenly.

Sure enough, Katie felt like Mr. Belial’s slipper might have belonged to the giant from *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and that Mr. Belial might have been a giant himself.

Each blow was a little off center: hitting the upper-left, then the lower-right, then the lower-left, then the upper-right portions in quick succession. The sixth blow was aimed right back in the centre again. The little rubber nubs pressed deep into Katie’s shorts and exposed flesh, and Katie realized their true purpose. Despite the soft, rubbery

material, they acted as impact points, making every single stroke feel like ten small strokes.

Katie roared like a lion, before the last stroke cut her off, and she mewled like a kitten.

Belial glided the slipper across Katie's lower backside. "How many was that Miss Bolker?"

Kattie gulped. "Six, I guess?"

"Correct. However, as a pair of shoes are counted as two separate articles of clothing, that earns double the number of strokes."

Katie's eyes popped open, and she twisted to glare at her foe, her eyes blazing. "Huh? Where was that in the rules? It's called *a* pair of shoes. Cuz it's just one pair!"

"Page 184, point 7. A student caught wearing any item of forbidden clothing, referred to as a pair, shall receive a pair of spankings."

As Belial held the slipper high, it seemed to block out all light in the room. Katie choked as she felt its shadow looming over her. The slipper now seemed ten times wider than she remembered it being a moment ago.

Once more, Belial began pounding Katie's butt with the slipper, each slap connecting against both fresh, unmarked flesh, and against the raised, purplish bruises left by the cane.

Katie groaned as she felt the first stroke, then gagged as the second caught her by surprise. No matter how she tried to focus, she couldn't seem to mentally prepare herself for that horrible rubber slipper. Worse, it seemed like it was hammering the cane

marks deep into her buttocks, helping the burning sting sink deeper and deeper, until it became an ache.

Even after trying to gritted her teeth, Katie was yelling by the sixth stroke. But with an effort, she willed herself not to break down crying. Taking deep, heavy breaths, Katie awaited the moment she would be released. “Okay... so I can just take something off if I don’t want the spanking, right? So...”

Katie wiggled her wide bottom, in what she hoped would be alluring, and tried to make her voice sultry. “What do you want me to take off first?”

Belial grimaced. As an employee of Hell High he held a begrudging respect for the art of seduction, but Katie’s absurd attempt was like a garish, crayon doodle of a stickman being hung next to a classical Renaissance portrait painted in oil on canvas.

Ignoring the wriggling buttocks, Belial examined his cabinet of tools for punishment. "Well, you've been spanked for your inappropriate shoes. You have not been punished for your shirt, your shorts, or your knickers. You have at least three spankings to come, unless you choose to remove these items before the punishment begins. Do you wish to remove any now? You may remove them in any given order, or all at once, at your preference.”

Fighting to block out the pain, Katie smiled as she spotted an escape from her torture. “Okay... so I don’t get the three spankings, as long as I remove them first? So... let’s just let me take them all off, and then the spankin’s all done, right?”

Belial reached to pull out a paddle from his cabinet, examined it daintily, then hung it back up. "And spend the rest of the day wearing just your shirt and shoes Miss Bolker? You do not get the removed items back."

Katie scowled. “Huh? You’d let me walk around campus, half naked?”

"Or fully naked. Humiliation is another form of discipline here at Hell High."

Katie glanced at the door, trying to mentally form a picture of her final outfit. So long as she kept her shorts and shirt... she could always go commando. “Okay... then let’s say... bra and knickers. I’ll remove those.”

“I already spanked you for your inappropriate brassiere.”

Katie nearly choked with rage. “Well, can’t you let that one count as the spanking for one of the others, and let me remove the bra to avoid one of the spankings anyway?”

“No. The rules stipulate that once a punishment for an offense is complete, it cannot be adjusted retroactively. I already punished you for refusal to remove your brassiere. Given that it’s considered inappropriate under the school rules, you are of course free to remove it, but it won’t impact anything.”

Katie rolled her eyes. “Fine! Whatever, I’ll just remove my panties and skip that one. But I’m keeping my shorts.”

Bellial patted Katie’s rump, just hard enough to awaken the sting from the first two spankings. “Intruiging. You may stand, Miss Bolker.”

Katie reached for her panties, before remembering her shorts were in the way. As she fumbled with the button of her shorts, it suddenly occurred to her that Belial might be misleading her on the rules. Just like a man to make a poor, defenseless young woman undress, as a little joke. “So, just to be clear... I’m going to take off my panties, but after that, I get to keep my shorts, right?”

Katie frowned as she glanced at Belial, before a second thought occurred to her. Maybe the male gaze was a weapon... in her favor. Slowly, Katie glided down her red shorts, allowing a partial glimpse of her non-regulation knickers. They were decorated by a flaming skull, with the words, “Bad Ass” emblazoned across the top.

Katie wriggled her hips, as if struggling to remove her shorts. “... you know, so you can still *spank* me for wearing these improper booty shorts?”

Katie batted her eyelashes as she emphasized the word “spank.”

Looking bored, Belial returned a leather strap to the cabinet, before clapping his hands together, and strolling up to look Katie right in the eyes. "There's no need to remove your shorts, Miss Bolker. You simply wish to skip the spanking for improper panties, correct?"

Feeling confused, Katie glanced down at her own buttocks, wondering why Mr. Belial seemed so uninterested in examining it. “Well, yeah, but how am I supposed to remove my improper panties if I don’t take off my shorts real quick?”

"Like this." With the speed of a cobra, Belial thrust his hands down Katie’s shorts. Katie shrieked in protest, wondering if her seduction act had worked a little too well, but when she grasped Belial’s wrists, she found them to be like smoke. Using both his hands, Belial pinched the waistband of Katie’s panties from the front and back. Then he pulled Katie’s undergarments straight up, in a single, clean motion.

Katie sucked in a breath as she felt her panties ride up against her crotch and ass crack, then realized she was being dangled in mid air. Instantly, Katie recognized one of her favorite techniques from her years as a bully: the hammock wedgie!

The rocking motion caused Katie's voice to warble as she yelled a wild, berserker war cry. She tried to call Belial a "Mother fucker," but what came out instead was: "Fuuuuuuuck! Mooommmaaaaa!"

Nothing quite makes you want your mummy like being cheese-wired by your own undergarments.

Katie squeaked like a mouse as Mr. Belial began to easily bounce her in place, up and down, and side to side.

The panties strained dangerously close to snapping. Katie bit her lip, wheezing. "Ow, ow! Fuck this! I changed my mind! I'll just take the spanking!"

Belial rocked his arms back and forth to gain momentum. "Sorry, you can't change your mind during the removal of a clothing item. Now hold still."

Spinning like an olympic athlete, Belial began to twirl Katie around his office in a wide circle. Katie screeched, until she felt the fabric of her panties stretch up to cover her mouth and the back of her skull. As Katie sucked in a breath, she felt the fabric of her panties catch against her lips, and felt herself being spun around like a top. As Katie kicked her legs, her red shorts caught just below her hips, exposing most of her upper buttocks as the patties were tugged as tight as floss.

As Belial pinned the waistband of Katie's panties above her head with one hand, he smacked Katie's rump to send her twisting, as if he was tying up a garbage bag. "Not to worry, Miss Bolker, we will have these offensive undergarments off you in just a moment..."

With one final, firm bounce, Katie's panties snapped under the full weight of Katie's body.

Katie flopped face-first down onto the floor, then tugged at her red shorts to relieve the remnant of the wedgie. “Aaagh… Bollocks!”

Belial ignored her as he seated himself again. "Now, you still have a spanking coming for choosing to keep wearing your shorts. You may pick any implement, or choose my hand. Then get up and over my knee."

Katie whistled with discomfort as she lifted herself up onto her hands and knees. “Huh? Your hand?”

With a quick glimpse back at her shorts, Katie smiled gleefully. Her spankings at home were no picnic, but Katie knew from experience that she could usually tough out a hand spanking over her pants… usually. “Hand it is then!”

She practically dove over her tormentor’s knee. As he allowed Katie to get settled, Belial stroked his goatee. "Am I to presume you are unfamiliar with Rule 18: Any and all hand spankings are to be carried out on a *bared* bottom?"

To forestall Katie from struggling, Belial pressed a powerful hand down against the small of her back, then hooked the waistband of her red denim shorts with his other hand.

Straining her toned muscles, Katie pressed against his thigh, but the Tormentor’s slender arms were far stronger than she ever would have guessed. “Wuh? Where was that written? Lemme go!”

With a quick yank, Belial pulled Katie’s red shorts just below her bottom, before they caught tight. "Rule 18 is on page 4. If you failed to get that far, I may have to prescribe some remedial English lessons for you."

In a panic, Katie strained to break free, but his hand weighed down on her like a sea anchor. She bucked and reared like a wild mustang, but all managed was to lift herself a few inches up and off his lap, before being forced back down again.

On Katie's third attempt to break free, Belial seized his opportunity to tug her shorts free, sliding them down her meaty thighs, all the way to her knees.

Katie strained her legs, and felt them catch tight against her rumpled shorts. "Shit! I changed my mind!"

"Sorry, but Rule 3 states you can't change your mind during a punishment."

In her rage, Katie began to splutter and stammer.

Ignoring his victim's incoherent protests, Belial pressed his hand flat against Katie's bare, blistered and bruised buttocks, and began to draw soft circles across the mottled flesh. "Many students suppose that a hand spanking doesn't hurt as much as, say, a paddle. But when administered on a bare bottom, by an experienced disciplinarian, it allows the accurate targeting of the stress spots."

With a final strain, Katie collapsed, then gasped as she felt the soft rubbing. "Hey! You copping a feel? Quit it!"

Belial lifted each of Katie's butt cheeks lightly, considering the pale sit spots hidden underneath, which had been protected from the cane and the slipper. Then he angled up his knee, forcing Katie's hips to angle sharply upward, and expose the sensitive flesh. "No, Miss Bolker, merely selecting a target."

SMACK!

Katie jolted as she felt the impact, then arched her back as she felt its reverberating effect. His palm easily covered her entire lower buttock, along with several circular welts left by the slipper and bruises left by the cane, where they all overlapped.

The nexus of marks all seemed to light up, like a fireworks display on Guy Fawkes Day. (For you Yankees reading, the Brits don't have fireworks on the Fourth of July, for obvious reasons.)

Katie's mouth hung open in a silent scream as she processed the sensation. It was as if she was experiencing the cane and the slipper all over again, along with the fresh clap of Belial's rough, leathery palm.

"That's one."

Katie gagged, wanting to screech, but she was forced to suck down a breath instead. Finally she could only manage a confused grunt. "Ggeh?"

"No, Miss Bolker. That would be 'One, sir.' I can see some remedial maths lessons will also be required. Now, do you know what comes after one?"

SMACK!

There was another blow catching another network of marks and bruises, lighting up a fresh wave of pain in Katie's ass cheeks. Unable to count, Katie squealed like a piglet.

Happy to let Katie take her time processing her situation, Mr. Belial played with the dial of the intercom, to make sure it was still active. Spotting his hidden security camera in the upper corner of his office, Belial adjusted his seat slightly so that Katie's bottom would be in the center of the camera shot. Of course, he had every possible angle of his office covered to deter thieves and pranksters, but he liked the idea of giving the students

watching more of a show. Slowly, he rubbed Katie's bottom, almost gently, but not quite so gently, until he was sure she could hear him. "So Katie 'The Bulky' Bolker, how are you finding your first day at Hell High?"

"You can kiss–"

The moment that Katie tried to answer, Belial slammed down his palm downward, landing the hardest smack yet, across all six cane marks at once.

Belial allowed Katie to wail, then waited for her to pause. "Well? I expect a proper answer to my question, Miss Bolker."

Not caring what he said, Katie twisted to look her tormenter right in the eye. "You can sit on a fooking pitchfork!"

Belial would have been impressed by her sheer resolve... if not for the tears dampening her eyelashes. "... Aaaaand..."

SMACK!

"Yaaargh!"

The fourth spank landed on the exact same spot, raising the clear, white silhouette of a handprint across all six cane marks. Normally, Belial preferred to hold his hand firm and steady, closing his fingers for a paddle-like effect. But for now, he decided that spreading his fingers would allow him to cover even more of Katie's welts. Belial landed the fifth and sixth spank in quick succession, before stroking a finger across each of Katie's butt cheeks. "That's six, for wearing improper shorts."

Katie snapped up her head. "Huh? But you just *removed* my shorts!"

“Of course. Because the rules state a hand spanking has to be given on the bare bottom.”

“But that’s no fair! How can you spank me for not removing my shorts, if you remove my shorts?”

“Simple, because you *refused* to remove your shorts. According to the rules, because you refused to remove your shorts, I have to administer a spanking. And because you elected to receive a hand spanking, I have to remove your shorts to deliver the spanking on your bare bottom.”

“Oh, fuck off! If I had known that, I’d have never agreed to a hand spanking!”

“And if you’d read the rules more carefully, you would have known that… Hold on, I just realized. I’m spanking you for wearing a pair of shorts, instead of a regulation skirt…”

“Yeah! No shit, Sherlock! Any more bright observations?”

“Well, it is a *pair* of shorts, and the rules clearly stipulate that wearing any article of unapproved clothing, referred to as a pair, will receive a pair of spankings.”

“What? That doesn’t make a lick of sense! It’s only one–”

Belial landed a first swat across Katie’s bottom, and finished her sentence for her. “*Pair* of shorts.”

As Katie seethed with rage, Belial delivered a second crisp clap, allowing Katie a few seconds to savor the sting before slowly delivering three more.

Katie spat like an alley cat. “Rrrraww! Fuck me in the ass!”

"Miss Bolker, thanks to your continued foul language, and bad attitude, you have definitely earnt an additional spanking, once this one is through. "

As Katie closed her eyes tight shut, she felt two tears welling up in her eyes, and willed them away. Not wanting Belial to see any tell-tale signs of her tears, she lowered her head and threw up two middle fingers. “You can kiss my ass, ya old wanker!

Belial landed two spanks to Katie’s sit spots, switching back to using a firm, closed hand to make a deeper impact. "No, but I *am* going to spank your ass. While the six stroke rule generally applies to punishments administered with an implement, Rule 3, Point 2 stipulates that any Teacher, or Tormentor, may extend the length of any hand spanking, at their discretion."

With that, Belial began to spank at a steady, merciless pace, covering Katie’s entire bare bottom in a flurry of slaps.

As Katie finally felt the fresh sting of the first swats start to fade, it was quickly replaced by the sensation of a building fire, each smack adding fresh kindlewood to the inferno. “Ow! Ouch! Owwie! WOW-ow!”

Katie’s initial screams were more like the shouts of a martial artist in combat. But her cries quickly became more pitched, and desperate. “Aaagh! Okay! Okay! I’ll quit cussing!”

Belial did not pause the steady rain of spanks, each like a thunderclap in its own right. "I know you will, Katie. Once I am finished. We haven’t even started your spanking for using foul language, by the way. This is just for giving me attitude.”

After what must have been 100 spanks, Belial finally paused, allowing Katie to tremble across his knees. “There's good news. That's the spanking over for wearing improper shorts. Now we can start on the one for your improper shirt. And it's my turn to pick the implement."

Reaching his left arm out in front of Katie, Belial selected a stout wooden paddle from his collection. He dangled it in front of Katie long enough to let her get a good look at it, before swapping it into his right hand.

Quickly wiping away her tears on her forearm, Katie twisted to look behind her, and saw her own bottom quivering in the air behind her. “Shhniffle... Aw, couldn’t you let me off with just a warning... handsome?”

Katie added the last word with a pained grin, arching her back to lift her buttocks up slightly. This painfully clumsy attempt to look submissive and feminine was rather undermined by the foul language on the back of Katie’s t-shirt. “C’mon, big guy... hasn’t my poor little bottom been spanked enough for one day?”

"Nope! Not with an attitude like that it hasn't."

With that, Belial landed the paddle across Katie’s entire bottom, flattening both of her toned, muscular glutes as easily as raw dough.

Katie' s desperate plea had been a thin mask for her growing fear. The moment the paddle landed, she howled like a werewolf. “Aahoooooaaahhh!”

"That’s more appropriate. I’m guessing you felt that one, Miss Bolker?"

Katie almost swore, before catching herself. Unfortunately, the tormenter’s question hadn’t quite registered on her brain. “Ssshhhiiii... s-sorry, sir!”

Belial landed a swat across her upper left cheek. Not quite as hard, but enough to grab her attention. "I asked you a question, Miss Bolker."

Katie wheezed as the cane strokes started to throb. “Gah! ... Wuh-what was the question?”

Belial let the moment hang as he watched her bottom trembling under the shadow of the paddle. "I asked if you felt the stroke. Was it suitably painful?"

Katie nodded so hard, her bangs flopped across her eyes. “Yes! Yes, it fuh... freakin’ hurt... sir! It was the worst one yet!”

Belial smiled warmly. It was almost adorable watching her try to be polite, when she was clearly rusty at it. “Jolly good. In that case...”

Belial set the paddle on his desk, and scrawled something on a sticky note. He pressed the note against the front of his desk, letting Katie read it easily: “Katie Bolker, #1718. Hates the paddle.”

As Katie stared at the note in horror, Bellial scooped the paddle back up. “... I shall designate the paddle as the go-to tool for any additional discipline you require.”

“But–”

Belial landed three quick, ferocious strokes of the paddle, leaving two long, wide welts across both of Katie’s buttocks, and one welt across her upper thighs. Without skipping a beat, he switched his grip on the paddle to aim two final strokes at a more vertical angle, nailing the center of Katie’s left and right buttock, each in turn.

By the sixth stroke, Katie's screams had reached that inimitable quality that can't be faked. Her shorts dangled down to her shins, and caught against her ankles. As Katie tried to lunge forwards like a wild gazelle, she kicked her feet free from her combat boots, before her red shorts flew across the room. Katie wasn't the type to shed crocodile tears, and always resisted the the real thing as long as possible. With a snort, Katie quickly rubbed her face against her shoulders, in a final, futile attempt to hide the obvious tear stains.

Belial let Katie whinge as he glided the paddle across Katie's buttocks, as if sawing a log. "... Now, you understand you still have an additional spanking to come? One for foul language, and another one for slamming my door. Now that we've established the paddle as your primary implement of choice, I'll punish you for slamming my door first. Seems fitting, since that was how you chose to make a first impression."

As Katie finally recognized the meaning of these words, she clenched her buttocks, and furrowed her brow. "Wuh? You didn't say anything about that before!"

"No. But it's clearly spelled out in the rule book. Now, try to hold still. Looks like with all that thrashing, you've managed to lose your shoes... and your shorts besides."

As Katie pumped her feet, she instinctively shielded her buttocks with her heels. At that moment, she became aware that she was now wearing nothing but her thigh-high stockings, her bra, and her baggy punk rock-t-shirt, which had flopped most of the way down her back to reveal the underside of her breasts. "... But–"

Belial suddenly commenced a rapid, final paddling. After six strokes, he paused, and Katie dared to hope the spanking was over. But instead, Belial only adjusted his grip on Katie's waist and hooked Katie's left leg with his right leg, straddling her across his left kneecap. This new position forced Katie so low to the ground, her nose pressed against

the carpet. It also had the effect of exposing more of her inner thighs, which had previously been untouched by the series of spankings.

In a final fit of temper, Katie scrambled to bite or scratch or claw at anything she could reach. One of her hands clasped the leg of the chair. She managed to get a hold of her tormentor's pant leg, but just as she was about to dig her fingernails into him, the final paddling began. The stroke landed with such force, it knocked Katie forwards, so that she lost her hold. As she chewed the carpet, feeling the rug leave a burn against her cheek and nose, Katie could only manage a confused, guttural grunt.

Belial's pin held Katie in place across his knee, and he delivered swift paddle strokes, rapidly covering every inch of Katie's buttocks and thighs. Not allowing Katie a moment to catch her breath, Belial paddled relentlessly, with the intent to break the last of her resolve.

Sure enough, Katie gritted her teeth, in a final attempt to resist the urge to break down crying like a baby. But inevitably, the dam broke. Fresh tears streamed down her cheeks like a waterfall, and she began to holler and bellow.

When he heard the tell-tale sound of uncontrollable, racking sobs, Belial set down his paddle, and examined his target. He decided there were a few small spots that he'd missed, and before Katie even realized the spanking had stopped, he began to spank her all over again, using his hand to even out the color of her entire bottom and thighs to a consistent, angry red, along with the mottled purple bruises and blisters. This continued until Katie was laying, not-so quietly, across his knee, unable to muster the energy to resist. As Belial landed a final set of spanks, Katie whimpered and groaned. She clearly wanted to scream, but her voice had gone hoarse long ago.

Belial hung the paddle back on its hook. Satisfied that Katie no longer had the strength to resist, he adjusted Katie's position so that she was lying across his lap, rather than

straddling his knee. “There, that’s a satisfactory spanking for slamming my door. Now all that’s left is to administer another spanking for your foul language. Would you like to choose the implement?"

As Katie’s eyes fluttered open, she seemed to come out of a trance. The first thing she was aware of was that her bottom was aching all over. Then she glanced up to spot the horrible line of spanking implements. Already well past her limit, Katie’s lip trembled as she kissed the carpet, wondering which spanking implement would hurt the least.

Fortunately, the many spankings she’d recently endured from her mother and father had taught Katie to keep a cool head in the midst of a punishment. As she blinked back tears, she decided the rulers looked small and unintimidating. “I... I’ll take the ruler... Sir!

Twisting in his seat, Belial traced his fingers across a series of rulers. "Hmmm, which ruler Katie? The plastic, wooden, or metal ones?"

Katie guesses that plastic sounded the lightest, and the least severe. “P-plastic!”

Belial cooly took the plastic ruler and patted Katie’s hindquarters. "A bold choice. Do you know how many you have coming?"

Katie shook her head. “What’s the difference? It’s whatever the rulebook says innit?”

"Generally correct. For minor infractions, the rules stipulate a standard set of six... for first-time offenses, at least. So, that is precisely what you will get!"

THWAK!

Katie had guessed that the light, plastic ruler would sting the least. Although every material has its own pros and cons, the smooth surface of a plastic ruler offers one chief advantage to experienced disciplinarians (or one chief disadvantage, if you ask the naughty victim): a plastic ruler stings like a wasp.

The lingering sting was so pronounced, it even overpowered the deeper ache left by the cane and paddle, before spreading across Katie's behind like a tightly controlled wildfire across the already scorched earth of Katie's fundament.

Katie noticed immediately. "Yowl!"

Belial expertly landed six strokes, in neat lines, which overlapped slightly at the edges. "Oh, my, you've almost kicked off your socks. Would you like to take a moment to remove them?"

Katie winced, and reached weakly behind her to grab the top of her loose thigh-high stocking. "No! I want it!"

"A pity. That's another spanking for not wearing regulation stockings."

"Huh? But you said they were within school regulations!"

"If worn with shoes. But any socks worn without shoes are considered a violation of the school dress code."

"But I had shoes!"

"Until you kicked them off."

"Well then, let me put them back on! Then my socks are fine, right?"

“Don’t be absurd, those combat boots aren’t within the school dress code. Why would I allow you to put them back on?”

“But… you already spanked me, twice, for refusing to take them off!”

“Of course. Because they were a *pair* of shoes. Which reminds me, since you’re wearing a *pair* of socks, without shoes, you’ll need two sets of spankings. Since the foul language is considered a separate infraction from the dress code violation, I can just use the ruler again.”

As Katie kicked her feet, one of the stockings nearly flopped off her foot, but not quite. “No fair! No–”

Belial delivered six strokes of the ruler in another set of neat lines. “That’s one set of spanks for one sock. Now for the other.”

As Katie caught her second wind, she tried to kick her feet again. She’d clearly had most of the fight spanked out of her, but it was just enough for one of the socks to fly free from her foot.

Belial watched it flop against the floor. “Ah, what a pity. You were so close, but not quite in time… Here’s the spanking for the other sock.”

“Please–”

Belial cut Katie off as he delivered the final six strokes, then paused to examine his work, probing her cheeks with his free hand. "Isn’t that a *loverly* tomato colour! Once we get you into some regulation blue and white frilly knickers, your behind will match the Union Jack."

After gently pinching each of Katie's cheeks, he landed a final firm swat across the lower center of her buttocks, with a sharp pop.

This parting shot made Katie keenly aware of the throbbing blisters that had formed across her sit spots, thanks to the earlier paddling.

Pressing her feet against the floor, Katie tried to stand up, only to bounce up and down atop her tormenter's lap, his hand keeping her in place.

As Katie caught her breath, she found her voice again. "Ow ow ow ow! Tssshaw!"

The moment that she was allowed to stand up, Katie danced in place, grabbing her aching buttocks, before squeaking as she realized it hurt too much to massage it. Then she noticed she was wearing nothing but a single stocking below the waist, and tugged down on the front of her shirt to cover her bush. "Agh! I need my shorts!"

As Katie twisted around, she spotted her shorts, but as she reached for them, Belial pinched her by the ear, and right back across his lap. "Not quite finished, I'm afraid. Back you get! And don't be absurd, you can't put those shorts back on. They're against the dress code."

"But... but I let you spank me just so I could keep 'em!"

Belial hummed as he petted Katie's glowing red bottom, as if warming his hands by a toasty fireplace. "An ironic choice, in hindsight. Now, the final matter is to spank you for wearing improper panties."

"Huh? But you said I wouldn't get the spanking if I agreed to remove them! You said that's in the rules!"

Belial played with his goatee. “Did I? Perhaps I need a refresher. Let’s have a look...”

Belial flipped through the pages, and scanned the words with his index finger. “It says right here that the student must remove the articles of clothing themselves.”

“I did! I agreed to take them off!”

“But you didn’t *actually* remove them. I removed them for you, by force. According to the letter of the law, you never complied with my order.”

“Then just *give me a chance* to comply!”

“Very well. Miss Bolker, remove your panties at once.”

Katie clasped her behind, then froze as she remembered her panties were already gone. “But... but I don’t even have them now!”

Belial shook his head as he roughly pulled Katie’s hands away from her bottom, and secured his grip on her waist. “But you *did* have them, prior, and you *didn’t* remove them yourself, as the rules stipulate.”

Katie pounded the floor with her fists. “I’ll take you to court! I’ll sue the pants off ya!”

Belial answered with a firm clap across Katie’s buttocks with his open hand. “How droll.”

Katie winced as she felt the fresh sting of Belial’s palm, the tickling sensation like the crackle of a slow campfire. Before Katie could argue her case further, Belial began to lecture her in a tone of voice that made it clear he would brook no argument. “I admit

you've found yourself in a peculiar legal predicament, but as a Tormentor, I am granted extensive liberties in determining the proper application of punishment. I am judge, jury, and executioner, if you will. Getting back to the matter of your next spanking... I let you pick the implement last time, but this time, I think I'll have the honor."

Belial grasped the handle of a long, leather strap, twice as thick and twice as wide as the meanest leather belt, and dangled it in front of Katie's eyes. "Is there anything you'd like to say before we start?"

All traces of sass were gone from Katie's voice as she eyed the strap. "You're gonna whip me... with *that?*"

"Yes, it *is the perfect* weapon to chastise a sassy young lady's posterior... Already a rather punished posterior, if I do say so myself. Up you get, and no rubbing. We'll need you in a standing position for the strap to be most effective."

Katie's hands froze before they could clutch her buttocks, then she tugged down her shirt and twisted away from Belial. As she noticed his eyes examining her exposed backside, Katie subconsciously stuck her bottom out a little farther, pouting. "... but... but..."

Katie wiggled her butt slightly. "... butt?"

When Belial said nothing, Katie blinked, wondering if she'd been too subtle. "Uh... isn't my sassy ass all nice and red? You wouldn't want to scar it, would you?"

Belial shook his head, and produced a three-legged wooden stool from behind his desk. "Hmm, I've certainly done a thorough job already. If I was punishing you for a single offense, I'd have been satisfied long ago. But the rules clearly stipulate that every single

article of unapproved clothing is considered a separate infraction. Can't be helped! Now put your palms flat on the seat of that stool."

Thanks to the stool's short height, Katie found she had to bend over double to reach it with her palms, her shirt riding high over her plump, yet toned bottom. Her knees trembled. "Please, sir... have mercy!"

"For begging to be effective for reducing punishment it must be performed in the proper manner. Rule 313. That means on your knees with your hands clasped, thus. Then, plead your case."

Instantly, Katie dropped to her knees, clasping her hands before her. "Oh fuck! Okay, okay! I'll do anything! Just please, sir, no more spanking!"

"Language, Katie."

"Shit! I'm sorry!"

"That's two additional spankings for using foul language, after being warned."

Katie wailed, and started to blubber a mix of half-censored curses and apologies.

Looking bored, Belial hummed, and glanced at his desk. Suddenly, he noticed his old-school pager buzzing. It was a new-fangled device that allowed him to read and send actual messages to the other party, by typing into a miniaturized keyboard! A message from the School Board of Governors read, "Heard you're having a discipline issue? First day?"

Belial waved a hand absentmindedly at Katie as he scooped up the pager and typed a response. "Oh? But you're a big tough girl Katie. Surely you can take a spanking?"

Belial quickly typed out, “Have it well in hand. Bring up the school security feed.”

Fresh tears welled up in Katie’s eyes. “No! It’s too much! My ass can't take any more torture!”

She sniffled, then started to blubber.

Belial sighed as he set down the pager, and scooped up the strap. "Well, that's a shame, because Rule 313, Clause 2 says for begging to reduce a punishment, it has to be started *before* you know what that actual punishment is. So, unfortunately, it won't have any effect on the last spanking for your dress code violation. However, I am allowed some discretion to handle punishments for repeated offenders. Given that you made a genuine attempt at begging, I will reduce your strapping for obscene language by half... *if* you accept having your mouth washed out with soap. I think that would be a fitting penalty for your potty mouth.”

Katie’s lip quivered as she tried to count the number of spanks she still had coming, and as she realized she had lost count, her eyes widened with horror. “Y-yes, sir.”

Resigned to her fate, Katie the Bulky crawled towards the stool and reassumed her position.

"Good girl. It seems spanking can have the intended effect, even on a girl as wilful as yourself. Now, here comes your first stroke...”

Thwap!

The strap had a different quality from the previous implements. It landed with a heavy thud, like the wooden paddle, but the soft leather ripped across Katie's skin, the friction adding extra sting.

Her will having been worn down, the once mighty Katie the Bulky howled as she felt the first impact of the strap. "Yeehoowwwl! Aaauuaaagh! Guhhuh!"

She bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, clearly exerting every remaining ounce of her effort to remain in place.

"One. You know what comes next. Count the rest for me..."

THWAK!

"Agh! Two, sir!"

"Well done. And again?"

CRACK!

Katie recoiled as she felt the third stroke, and fought to catch her breath.

Belial shook his head. "How is your *sassy* ass doing now, Kate?"

"Aaargh! ... Three, sir! ... it hurts, what else?!?"

"Just wanted to be sure it's having the desired effect..."

WHAACK!

“Yeeowch! Four sir!”

"... So now you know what your sassy attitude will get you from me! Don’t you, Katie?"

Katie nodded. “Yessir! A spanking, sir!”

"Good, good. Now just two more... then six strokes for language, reduced from twelve... then we can finally give you your mouth-soaping and get you into time out."

THA-WHAPP!

Her voice cracks as she wails freely. “Waahaaaugh! F-five, sir! Oh, God! My bum!

Belial was unmoved. "Hurts, doesn't it Katie?"

His face still a mix of boredom and amusement, Belial wound up with both hands to deliver a two-handing swing, like a cricket champion.

(For you Yankees reading, cricket is a fascinating game, much like baseball, except... ah, forget it. You wouldn’t get it.)

Belial landed the sixth stroke with the strength of two dozen men.

WHA-CRACK!

“Aaahaaagh! Six, sir!”

Belial hummed. “Bravo! That should be... hold on, this punishment is for wearing a pair of inappropriate knickers. So that’s another six strokes.”

Katie partially left position, waving a single hand as if in surrender. “A pair of… oh please, sir! Please, please, please!”

“It’s too late for begging, Katie. But not too late to earn an additional spanking for leaving position.”

Katie’s hand flew back to the seat. Belial smiled. “Much better. Now, Katie, this might surprise you, but I’m inclined to go a bit lighter on this next set. After all, beating your ass too hard will leave it numb. But if we pace ourselves… well, your bottom will still be in good enough shape to feel the sting of the very last stroke, hopefully. Remember to count each stroke.”

Sniveling, Katie mumbled a “Yessir…” before the first stroke landed.

Sure enough, Belial checked his strength just enough for Katie to feel the sting, without adding even further blisters to her already extensive collection of welts and bruises. Katie fell into a steady pattern of counting each stroke. By the fourth stroke, Katie had finally managed to catch her breath, and dare to hope that she could at least finish the spanking well.

Just as Katie’s trembling started to subside, Belial smiled, and landed the fifth stroke with every ounce of his strength, ripping a fresh blister across her lower buttocks.

Katie jumped and danced in place, the chair wobbling wildly under her full weight. “Fuuuuhuuuuhuuuuck–!”

Her buttocks clenched as she caught herself swearing. “Fuh-five, sir!”

"Do you need the full twelve strokes as a reminder lesson for cursing Katie?"

“No sir! Just the mouth-soaping will be enough, sir!”

"Very well. This is the last stroke for the dress code violation. And you know the last one has to be the worst."

As the sixth stinging stroke landed, the tip end of the strap landed like the end of a bull whip, leaving a vivid purple mark behind. Katie squealed a warbling howl, like a certain cat from a certain uber-violent children’s cartoon. “Yeeaaahaaahooow!”

As Katie hopped into the air, a leg of the stool snapped under her weight, and collapsed beneath her. She lay crumpled on the ground, her plump, upturned bottom resembling a war-torn landscape.

Belial pulled out his reading glasses as he bent low to examine Katie’s war-torn ass. "Oh dear, Katie. You should know breaking school property results in a spanking as well... But I think you've had enough for today, yes?"

As Belial gently patted her bare buttocks, Katie lifted her head, smiling. At long last, she was being shown... mercy?

"So we'll just save that spanking for tomorrow, along with the twelve strokes for swearing you still have coming. For now, march over to face that window, on your knees, with your hands behind your head... Confound it, where did I put that soap bar?"

Reflexively, Katie clasped her hands into the begging position as she struggled to pick herself back up. “A-another sp-spanking tom-tom-tomorrow? Oh, please, sir! It wasn’t my fault!”

Belial nodded as he examined the drawers of his desk. "Good girl. You've learnt how to beg. But we'll cross that bridge tomorrow. For the time being, kneel right here, and

point towards the window covered by a closed blind. No, no, don't bother to stand up. Walk on your knees, of course... Ah, here it is!"

Katie interlaced her fingers behind her head as she inched towards the window, on her knees. "Huh? What more could there possibly–"

"Open wide!" Belial cut her off as he popped a square bar of yellow soap firmly into her mouth. It was wider than a standard oblong bar, so that Katie's cheeks were bowed out. She looked like a hamster trying to swallow a whole carrot, assuming that carrot was cut into the shape of a perfect rectangle.

Katie's eyes nearly bugged out of her skull as she stared down at the soap bar, but before she could spit it out, Belial pressed it firmly with a single finger, shaking his head. "Ah, ah! Bite down, if you don't want it to slip. If that bar leaves your mouth, for any reason, I will assume you spat it out, deliberately.

With a final frown, Katie bit down on the soap, clenching her teary eyes tight shut. She felt flecks of soap scrape between her teeth, and the acrid taste made her want to gag.

Belial reached down to pat Katie's bottom, and pressed her nose right up against the blinds. "Now stay there for one hour, or it's another six strokes, understand?"

As Belial straightened, he pulled the blinds open, revealing a crowded school hallway, just outside his office. The gathered students were all looking away from Katie, watching a television. As Katie examined the TV, she saw a plump bare bottom, and the back of a kneeling woman's head... wearing a baggy punk-rock t-shirt.

Belial nodded as he dug a paper clip out of his desk. "Ah! Good to see the students of Hell High taking a healthy interest in the administration of class discipline. No sense obstructing the view."

As Katie felt Belial pin up her shirt at the back to fully expose her bare bottom, she saw the woman on the TV screen exposed in exactly the same manner. Katie started to stand, ready to flee in terror, before she noticed she was naked below the waist.

As the students twisted to look away from the TV, Katie quickly kneeled to hide her frontal nudity behind the wall. As she kneeled back down, she lost her balance, and smacked her face against the window, forcing the yellow bar of soap all the way to the back of her throat.

Katie started to gag, blinking back tears, before she felt the soap slipping free. She quickly bit down before she lost it. As she looked up, she saw the entire crowd of students turning to face her, pointing and laughing.

An upperclass boy jabbed a thumb at the window. “Oy! Look everyone, it’s Katie the Bulky! In the flesh!”

A young woman with immaculate blond hair and designer clothing slapped her own rump as she winked at Katie, speaking in a distinct Hollywood accent that stood out among the rest. “Yeah, in the totally-spanked, red-and-raw flesh, that is!”

“What a legend!”

“Think if we hang out here tomorrow, we can catch a glimpse of round two?”

The blond woman shook her head. “Boy, I’m re-reading the student manual. I don’t, like, ever want to end up like that. What was she punished for again?”

A middle-aged woman appeared behind the blond student, and pinched her firmly by the ear. “Dress code violation. Such as that... well, everything you’re wearing. Come

along, to the Vice Tormentor's office! Belial says I need more practice administering spankings myself!"

The young blond grasped at the woman's wrist, shielding her mini-skirt clad bottom with her free hand. "Oh no! Please, Vice Tormenter, you don't understand. I had to do this whole stupid assignment on, like, poetic irony, or whatever. So that means it's all my teacher's fault! I got so distracted finishing it, I forgot to–yeeouchie! Not so hard!"

As Katie watched the blond student being led away, a handful of students pulled out their phones, taking pictures. As the camera flashes caught the window, Katie could make out the reflected image of her own tear-stained, swollen face. Snot drooped down her nose, while drool dribbled down her chin. Finally, two thick tears dappled her blushing red cheeks.

Katie the Bulky knew that, from that moment on, she would be a legend at Hell High.

[End of Part 1]

Katie the Bulky Gets Schooled:
Part 2: Dress Code

After only five minutes of kneeling on the prickly shag carpet, Katie the Bulky's legs began to shake. Thanks to the clock she could make out through the window, Katie knew she still had another 55 whole minutes to serve in timeout. But worse than the clock was the wave of students, strolling past the office window, all getting a clear glimpse of Katie's burning red, tear-stained face as they made their way to class. Several paused and tried to crane their necks to get a peek of Katie's backside, before glancing nervously at the head tormentor and making their way to class.

Mr. Belial whistled as he returned to his desk, and started sorting paper clips. As the students finished making their way to class, and the tardy bell rang, Katie tried to breathe a sigh of relief, only to choke on the bar of soap stuffed fully into her mouth. As the clock ticked each passing second, Katie's mind screamed from the boredom, but as she tried to occupy her thoughts, the throbbing, scorching ache from her bottom screamed louder, demanding her full attention.

As Katie replayed the series of spankings she had gotten in her imagination, over and over again, she came to one burning conclusion. This was all Mr. Belial's fault. One day, she would get even. She would have her revenge! She repeated these words to herself, over and over, with each droning tick, tock, tick, tock.

Katie didn't even hear when Belial stood and approached her from behind. "Your hour is almost up! Usually, a student who is punished for a dress code violation is allowed to return to class as normal, before being allowed the opportunity to wear the correct uniform the next day. But since you don't actually have a proper uniform, I suppose we'll have to grant you some leniency, to avoid spending all day tomorrow spanking you for a repeat offense. So Mrs. Minos will escort you to the mall, to have you fit for a regulation uniform. Aren't you happy, Katie?"

Katie kept a stoney silence, before Belial clapped her right butt cheek. “I asked you a question, Miss Bolker. Aren’t you thankful? Answer, yes sir, or no sir.”

Katie almost swallowed the bar of soap. “Mnoooth…”

Belial answered with a clap to Katie’s left buttock. “No, sir? In that case, would you prefer to be sent back to class, dressed just as you are?”

Katie felt a chill travel up and down her spine as she glanced down, and recalled she was wearing nothing but a t-shirt, a bra, and a single stocking. “Mmnoooth… thhrrr…”

“Then be grateful that Mrs. Minos is going to take time out of her busy day to help you pick out a school uniform for tomorrow. Let’s try again. Answer, yes sir, or no sir.”

Katie almost gagged as she felt soap bubbles dribble down her throat. Why did he have to pretend like he was actually giving her a meaningful choice? “Yeeeth… thrrr…”

Belial used both hands to clap the sides of Katie’s buttocks, then bent low to whisper. “Don’t talk with your mouth full, Miss Bolker. Now stand up.”

As she staggered to her feet, Katie felt pins and needles and realized both her feet had fallen asleep long ago. Then her eyes popped open as she heard the bell ring.

She looked back and forth, looking for a path of escape, but as she twisted around, Mr. Belial held her firmly in place by her shoulders. “Hold on… we have to review your conduct, and sign a Standard Disciplinary Procedure form. Today you have been spanked for slamming my door, for using foul language, and for showing defiance during a punishment. Not to mention your dress code violation for your shoes, your stockings, your shorts, your knickers, your brassierre…”

Katie wobbled on her shaky feet, thrusting forwards to reach the door as she heard doors opening behind her, as whole classrooms were released from their lectures. She twisted to look over her shoulder, then turned to look at Belial with pleading eyes, nodding.

Without a hint of remorse, Belial hugged her tight, and scooped a wooden hairbrush up from his desk, raising it high. “Oh... silly me! I forgot to spank you for your unapproved t-shirt. ‘Yuck Fou’? I suppose you thought that was terribly clever.”

With that, Belial reached around to deliver a crisp pop to Katie’s right buttock. She seethed past the soap bar, dancing in place, and found her tremendous weight easily supported by Belial. “That’s one. No need to count this time. But do try to hold still. Imagine how silly you look.”

Katie could make out the murmurs as the entire crowd of students paused to gawk at her through the window, before the second stroke of the hairbrush drove all thoughts of embarrassment far from her mind. Unable to stand on her own two feet, Katie clung to the only thing available for support: Belial himself. By the sixth stroke, Katie had been reduced to fresh tears, wanting only to vanish into a black hole, rather than endure another moment.

Forgetting where she was, Katie hugged Belial tightly, silently wishing for her Mumma and Pappa to come and save her, kiss her on the forehead, and tell her everything was going to be all right. Then Belial straightened her up roughly. “None of that. It’s my job to punish you, not mollycoddle you. Now, we still haven’t finished your spankings for damaging school property, and for repeated use of obscene language after your first warning, but I’m quite tired of spanking you for today. You were right after all! So sign your name here, and we will pick up where we left off... tomorrow. I expect to see you in my office first thing in the morning, half an hour before first bell. Don’t be late.”

Katie blinked back tears as she saw Belial slap a form on the table before her, and drop a pen in front of her with a look of boredom. Choking back soap, Katie started to hiccup as she quickly signed and printed her name in a shaky hand.

The moment Katie wrote the date, Belial pulled the soap from her mouth with a pop. “No time to waste. You’ve already wracked up two unexcused absences on your first school day.”

Katie glanced at her abandoned shorts, panties, and shoes. “Huh? But I’m half naked!”

“Actually, it's closer to 75% naked, if you don't pull that shirt down a bit."

As Belial opened the door, Katie spotted Mrs. Minos right where she’d left her, sitting at her desk. Mrs. Minos blinked, her eyes looking strangely alien behind her thick spectacles.

Belial patted Katie’s behind to shoo her out of his office. “Mrs. Minos, please escort Miss Bolker to the Strip Mall. She will need a full uniform. If she gives you any trouble, you have full discretion to administer on-the-spot discipline. Of course, for every class period she misses, she’ll have to be spanked for at the end of the week. But take as long as you need, provided you get her back in time for the House Pledging Ceremony.”

Mrs. Minos clicked her long, lacquered green fingernails together, then seized Katie by the wrist. “Yes Head Tormentor. Come along, girl."

Katie stammered as she tried to hold the front of her shirt down. “But–but–but–”

Minos reached up to clap Katie’s exposed backside. “I haven't got all day. And if you dally over long, we will miss the bus. I suppose that, along with neglecting your uniform, you also must have failed to purchase your required text books? No, don’t

bother answering, it's plain as the look on your face. I'll have to pick up those for you, as well. Ordinarily, I'd just let you suffer the consequences, but your academic performance impacts our Anti-Christmas Bonus."

Katie stiffened, releasing her hold on her shirt to cover her bottom with her only free hand, before Minos pulled her forwards sharply by the wrist, and pinched Katie by the ear. At seven feet tall, Katie was forced to bend over double as she was tugged along by the diminutive secretary. Minos' high heels clicked and clacked with each step.

Katie squeaked, and forgetting all about her modesty, clutched at Minos' gnarled wrist, desperate to relieve the pressure on her ear. But the old lady seemed completely oblivious to Katie's ponderous muscle power. When Katie heard sniggers of laughter, she quickly pulled down the front of her shirt again, blushing madly. "Oh, please! Let me wear my shorts!"

"Nonsense. They're not appropriate attire for school. You just got spanked for wearing them! You don't want another, do you?"

Katie tried to shake her head, wincing as she felt her ear held fast. "No! No more spanking!"

As Katie quickly switched her grip on her shirt to try and cover her exposed bottom, Minos only shook her head. "Don't be absurd! *Of course* there will be more spanking coming. We have traditions to uphold! But at least Mr. Belial has made a lasting first impression. Feh, don't fuss so much about your bottom. Bad girls have those put on display all the time at Hell High."

Nevertheless, as Minos led her to the bus stop, Katie kept trying to cover herself with her shirt, only for it to ride up to expose either her front or her backside with each tug. On the bus, Katie quickly sat on the sticky, multicolored seats. She was so grateful for a

chance to hide her butt, she willed herself to ignore the stabbing pain. But as Katie heard a group of boys sniggering at the sight of her, she scrunched her face. “Mrs. Minos... if you’d just let go of my ear, I could cover myself better... you don’t want Hell High getting a bad rap, do you?”

Minos’s old bones creaked as she turned her head. "My dear, Hell High couldn't possibly get a worse reputation. It’s full of students of the lowest moral fiber. Showing how soundly we discipline miscreants like you will only improve our image. Besides, I am sure you have flaunted that bottom before.”

Katie felt her ears burning, before Minos pinched her by the ear again and led her off the bus. Katie caterwauled. “Yow! Well, how would you like it if I spanked you?”

Minos froze, then twisted Katie’s ear to drag her head a bit lower. With Katie bent over double, they were now at eye level. "Are you threatening me Miss Bolker? That sort of attitude will get you spanked!"

Katie forced herself to keep a stiff upper lip. Surely, if Katie was destined to rise to the top of the dominance hierarchy, she should be able to handle this Hobbit-sized secretary. “It’s not a threat! It’s a promise! You’ll see! By the end of first term, I’ll be ruling over Hell High with an iron fist!”

Katie tried to straighten up, to no avail.

Minos raised an eyebrow. "Nice try, but according to the school rules, an implicit threat is still treated as a threat to a teacher. Forgot one item of clothing."

As Minos released her grip on Katie’s ear, the old lady grabbed the hem of the young woman’s t-shirt, and pulled it towards her in a single clean motion. As Katie instinctively stood up, the effect was to help pull herself free of her own, prized,

punk-rock t-shirt. Katie glanced down, and discovered she was wearing nothing but a single thigh-high stocking, and her bra. Each cup of her bra was decorated with the all-seeing-eye symbol of Lord Sauron, as imagined by Professor J.R.R. Tolkien, to whom we owe our deepest apologies.

Then Minos snapped her fingers, and Katie's bra vanished with a puff of smoke and sulfur.

Katie heard the sounds of sniggering and whistling, and glanced around the expansive parking lot. She saw a crowd of onlookers pointing, elderly couples clucking their tongues, and a group of adolescents whispering furiously and pulling out their smart phones.

Immediately, Katie covered her floppy breasts. "Oy! What's the big idea?"

Minos shrugged, and held up the shirt. "This seems the most expedient way to get you into the store in a hurry."

With a snarl, Katie grabbed at the shirt and pulled with all her might, digging her bare heels into the asphalt. Though Minos possessed less than one-fourth of Katie's body mass, the old lady remained unmoved by the game of tug-of-war, until Katie's shirt ripped cleanly in two.

Holding up the meager scrap of cloth, which was all that remained of her favorite shirt, Katie groaned and made a dash for the department store, covering herself as best she could.

Tossing the other half of the shirt in the bin, Minos followed Katie at an unhurried pace, making sure to keep Katie's plump, red bottom in view. It was hard to miss, as the crowd parted in wonder, all eyes fixed on the sight. Katie dashed to the outlet for the clothing

store, dubbed “Uni-formally.” At the front of the store, a poster depicted a fat, grumpy-looking cartoon cat wearing a formal three piece suit, with a speech balloon proclaiming, “It It Fits I Sits™!”

A red-headed, college-aged retail clerk started to greet Katie, before doing a double take. “Welcome to Uniformally! How can I serve you… today?”

As the clerk gawked at her, Katie spotted a dressing room and dove into it.

Quickly, Katie wrapped the curtain around herself like a make-shift toga.

Katie scowled as she waited for Minos to catch up, then she barked. “All right! You win! Just hand me the bloody uniform and I’ll put it on!”

Minos shook her head as she strode into the store. "Not with an attitude like that. You do not give orders, girl. Also, you have no uniform to put on, for the obvious reason that it hasn’t been made for you yet. Now step out here, so this assistant can properly measure you."

With a snap of her arm, Minos gestured to the clerk, who was barely containing her amused expression. A crowd gathered to stand outside of the store window.

Katie tried to tip toe out of the dressing room, still holding the drapes over her nude form. “Just get it over with! People are staring!”

Frowning, Minos grabbed Katie’s arm and yanked her free from the curtain.
"Well, they are going to get an eyeful of this!”

Minos spotted a sign that read, “The Uni-Formally Tailoring Centre! For When You Need To Measure Something Out!™” hanging above a wooden stool.

Minos sat her dainty frame down on the stool and easily bent Katie over her bony knee, hooking Katie's huge thighs between her twig-like legs to pin the powerful young woman in place. Thanks to the stool's low height, Katie's knees and chest easily reached the floor. Katie slammed her fists and feet against the floor, kicking over a display sign behind her and shoving over a line of mannequins like dominos in front of her, but Minos didn't seem to notice.

Katie heard gasps and roars of laughter, before the first spank cut through the noise like a thunder clap.

As she felt the welts, bruises, and blisters from her earlier discipline session all start to flare up, Katie's voice warbled. "Nooo! I'll be good! I'll be a good girl!"

Minos landed a resounding smack, and raised her hand, nodding slowly. "I know you will Katie, because you are about to see what happens when you aren't."

Her small hand lands a series of stinging slaps to Katie's already tender behind with all the force and focus of a bullet striking its target. The blows didn't hurt nearly as much as anything Belial had done to Katie, but they still smarted plenty, and the fresh heat seemed to penetrate deep into the meat of Katie's ample behind.

A lady in the crowd tittered. "It must be a publicity stunt."

A man shook his head, holding up his phone as he recorded every second with his camera's slow motion setting. "Who cares? Looks real enough to me! I might have to shop here myself!"

Katie pressed her lips tightly together, only to feel Minos' frail hand land like a heavy wooden paddle, with such dizzying force, it was beyond the realm of physical possibility.

Minos rained down a dozen whacks on Katie's behind, determined to make her charge beg, and squirm, and buck, and cry in public. After another set of twelve spanks, Minos had already achieved her objective, but for good measure, she landed a thirteenth spank anyway. “There, that’s an even baker’s dozen! Are we going to have any more nonsense, or are you going to let this young lady do her job?"

Gasping, Katie struggled to stop bawling long enough to speak. “No! No more nonsense! Baaaw-haaaaw!”

The red-headed clerk snickered as she held up her phone camera, enraptured by her own recording. Minos cleared her throat, and gave the clerk a stern look. The clerk gulped, and put the phone away, understanding the unspoken message all too well: *“Put the phone away unless you want some of this too.”*

Minos patted Katie’s bottom, stroking it softly until Katie’s cries died down to soft whimpers. “Good. Now, up you get Katie, and let this young lady measure you.”

As Katie stood, she nodded furiously, her bare chest heaving as she took shaky, rasping breaths. The red-headed clerk pulled out measuring tape, and circled to face Katie. “Thank you, Miss! Stand up straight, and spread out your arms, please. This will only take a few minutes.”

Blinking back tears, Katie spotted the crowd, and realized the clerk had deliberately posed her to show off her bare breasts to the watching audience. Katie whinged, and shut her eyes tight, trying to block out the crowd. But the sounds of their jeers and laughter, and the clicks of their camera shutters, were inescapable.

When the clerk measured Katie’s waist and legs, she made a point of spinning Katie around, so that her buttocks were now presented fully in view. The clerk sighed, with

mock disappointment, but her smile revealed a deep sense of contentment. “My, my. I’m not sure we carry standard sizes that could fit these… magnificent hips. I’m almost envious… Katie ‘the Bulky’ Bolker.”

Katie glanced down, and half-remembered a forgotten memory. “Do… do I know you?”

In answer, the red-headed clerk whipped her measuring tape across Katie’s behind with a soft snap. Ordinarily, it wouldn’t have hurt at all, but Katie’s bottom was particularly tender at the moment. Then the clerk reached around Katie’s waist to catch the end of the measuring tape, and used it to lift up the puppy-fat of Katie’s lower butt cheeks, oh so slightly, to expose the purple, mottled bruises hidden beneath. “You’ve forgotten me? I’m offended, Katie. I could never forget you.”

Then the clerk snapped the measuring tape like a whip, yanking it across Katie’s sore sit spots. The clerk turned to Minos. “I’m sure we have knickers for her. They might be a bit ‘dated’ fashion-wise.”

The clerk fetched a pair of blue bloomers, with white frills, that looked like they were relics from one of Sir Winston Churchill’s terms as Prime Minister. "These are the single largest size we have. Would you like to test them to see if they fit, Miss?"

Katie pounced to snatch the granny panties, and pulled them on. Katie hissed as she felt them snap into place, and only when she looked down did she notice how snugly they fit. The frilly hem didn’t quite cover the top of her reddened behind. Worse, they dug into her butt crack, and as she glanced back, Katie saw that she might as well be wearing a thong. As Katie glanced back, she saw the clerk’s mouth twitch as she suppressed a smile.

"Let's get a blouse on you. You'll have to tie it at the back to provide some… support."

Katie sighed with relief as she pulled the blouse over her shoulders. But as the clerk fastened the buttons tight at the back, Katie realized that the neckline did little to contain her cleavage at the front.

Katie sucked in her gut, desperately hoping the buttons wouldn't burst at the seams, grateful for any covering she could get.

The clerk hummed sweetly as she flipped through a pile of skirts, shaking her head as she examined the tags. "I'm sorry, I forgot your leg measurements. Stand with your feet apart. Yes, just like that... Now, kneel for me!"

As Katie kneeled, something clicked in her mind. She vividly remembered ordering the red-headed clerk to kneel to kiss her boots, if she didn't want another spanking. "Rosie-Ass? Is that you?" Katie whispered to herself.

The red-head looked up, her face a mix of rage and terror. "My name is Rose, actually. I think you're the only one with the rosey ass, ma'am!" Rose gently patted Katie's butt as she added the last comment.

Katie puckered her lips as she realized what she had just said aloud. Of course! Back in secondary school, after the red-head had kissed Katie's boots, Katie had spanked her anyway. *"Wow! You hate spankings that much? Thanks for letting me know!"* Katie had said at the time, before baring the red-headed dork's skinny ass. Along with Lil' Miss Spanky Pants, Rosie-Ass had been one of Katie's favorite regular victims.

Rose held up a series of clothing options. "Would you like stockings, pulling, or socks?"

Katie glanced at Minos. "Er... which of those are permitted in the dress code?"

"Any of them, Katie. At the student's option. You are a good girl for asking. Clearly, spanking is an effective method of deterring you, when you aren't being a good girl."

Katie pouted, before pointing at the pullings. "... In that case, I want the pull-ups, pwease."

A young couple with an infant cooed as they overheard. "Aw! She's lisping!" said the mother.

Katie winced as she heard her own voice. After her parents had put her in nappies to represent how they were, "Starting over with a clean slate," Katie had accidentally started regressing any time a spanking was fresh in her memory... even after she was finally allowed to wear her favorite teenage outfits again, starting last week.

Minos stood and straightened her skirt. "I'm going to take lunch. If I have time, I'll pick up the books our errant student needs for classes today. Miss Rosie, I'm leaving you in charge. You have my permission to spank Katie if that's what it takes to keep her butt in line. I will return for you soon, Miss Bolker."

As Minos smiled, Katie thought she saw a bright flash of yellow light. As she looked more closely, Katie trembled. *"... Probably just another camera flash,"* she thought.

After Katie's long ordeal, all of the fight had been spanked out of her. She meekly allowed herself to be dressed. But as she spotted Rosie smirking, Katie scowled. "Oh, Piss off, it's not like I haven't seen your bare spanked arse plenty of times before."

Rose's smirk vanished. "Stop twitching. Oh, look what you've done! You've ripped these pullings." Then Rose yanked the pullings up with such force, they tore.

As Katie's temper flared, she tried to seize Rose, only to feel a strange, Hellish force holding her in place. Then Katie remembered Minos' ominous words, and the binding magic of the contract she had signed when she accidentally accepted her acceptance letter to Hell High.

A moment later, Roase ran her nails down Katie's other leg, ruining the thin fabric. "And now you've gone and torn these as well. Very naughty! I'll have to tell Ms Minos how bad you've been."

As Katie felt the Hellfire holding her in place, she recognized something about the scent: it was Mrs. Minos' foul perfume. Katie knew she had to obey whatever Mrs. Minos said. But unfortunately for Rose, she wasn't part of the staff of Hell High, and Mrs. Minos' orders had been fairly vague. Ignoring the compulsion, Katie grabbed Rose by the collar of her shirt. "You shrimpy skank! You did that on purpose! Oooh, I've had it!"

Rosie squeaked as she suddenly remembered how Katie towered over her. "But the lady said–"

Failing to notice the pin cushion resting on the wooden stool, Katie sat herself down, only to leap up, roaring with fresh agony. The crowd likewise roared with fresh laughter, before Katie kicked over the stool. Wrapping an arm around the clerk's waist, Katie easily picked the girl up and pinned her against her side, leaving her free to spank Rose's upturned bottom.

As Rose kicked her feet, Katie guffawed with laughter. "Aw, just like old times! How could I ever forget? 'Rosie by name, Rosie by nature!' It's too bad I've been too busy to keep my promise, and keep your bottom a nice, rose pink color at all times! Starting ever since you first switched over in Year 10!"

Katie snatched up a booklet of square color swatches. “Say! Remember the good old days? When I used to bare your bottom regularly to check its color? And if it wasn’t pink enough… Ka-pow! It was right back over Katie the Bulky’s knee for Rosie-Assed Rose! Man, those were two of the best years of my life!”

As Katie the Bulky delivered sharp slaps across Rosie-Ass’s backside, she finally started to feel like her old self again.

Unfortunately for Rose, her shop’s uniform was a thin cotton dress, with a relatively short skirt. It offered little protection, even before Katie easily lifted Rose’s skirt up. “I’ll make sure you never forget who gave you your new name!”

Rose was wearing thin cotton panties, decorated by a pattern of strawberries.

"No wait, you can't..." Rosie began.

Laughing with triumph, Katie the Bulky began to spank with all her might, ignoring Rosie-Ass’s howls. For a moment, Katie is so jubilant… she forgot that she was still a student at Hell High. “That’s right! When you need an ass kicked, call Katie the Bulky!”

With that, Katie the Bulky tugged down Rose’s panties. Sure enough, Rosie-Ass Rose’s ass was a lovely, rose-pink color, to match her name. But with all of Katie’s pent-up fury, it didn’t take long before Rosie’s ass was tanned to an angry, strawberry-red color, to match her panties.

As all the terror of her teenage years came flooding back, Rosie-Ass started sobbing. “Stop, Katie please. Stop. Yow! Your teacher–you have to–said–was–Aaaaaah–I was in charge..."

Suddenly, there was another bright flash of yellow, and a faint whiff of brimstone. Rose wailed for a few more moments, before she noticed that Katie's blows only felt like weak, limp-wristed love-taps. As Rose twisted to look around, she instantly broke Katie's former iron-hold on her waist. Rose leapt to her feet, rubbing her ass furiously, and scowling down at Katie. Only then did they both notice that Katie was now shorter than Rose.

Standing at about four feet tall, Katie examined her tiny hands and slender frame. "Huh? What's wrong with my hands?"

As Katie heard her own high-pitched voice, she clutched her throat. "What's wrong with my voice? I sound like one of those bloody chipmunks!"

Rose was shocked, but not enough to let this opportunity pass by. Quickly she tugged her own panties up, then grabbed Katie by the ear.

"You've been very naughty, Katie (the-not-so-Bulky-anymore) Bolker! And you know what happens to naughty little girls? They get spankings!"

Rose picked up the stool Katie had knocked over, then hoisted Katie into the air, before settling onto the stool and positioning Katie across her lap for a spanking. "I'm going to enjoy this," whispered Rose.

Katie kicked and squirmed across Rosie's lap, her voice suddenly immature. "No! No spankin's!"

"Oh, yes Katie, there is going to be a lot of spanking. You've had this coming a long, long time."

And with that...

SMACK!

Rosie delivered a firm, open-palmed slap across the seat of Katie's old-fashioned bloomers.

And then another. And another...

Katie howled as she realized her predicament, and quickly melted into childish tears. "Waaaaah!"

Rose sighed with mock sympathy. "Oh, Katie, does that hurt your little bottom? Good!"

After planting a few more smacks, Rose paused to examine the old-fashioned undergarments. "Hey, you know what I almost forgot, Katie?"

To answer her own question, Rose grabed the top of Katie's knickers to tug them down. But Rose was not a particularly experienced spanker, and struggled to pull them all the way below Katie's already-weather-beaten bottom. Katie kicked her legs so wildly, the bloomers caught just below her hips, and she almost bucked free from Rose's grip. "Noooo! Not that! Not bare bum!"

"Awww. But it stings so much more on the bare bottom..."

Rose planted a crisp smack. "... dosen't it, Katie? Not to mention how embarrassing it is."

As Katie writhed and bounced in place, Rose seized her opportunity to yank the bloomers off entirely, exposing Katie's bare bottom to the delighted crowd.

As Katie howled with misery, the crowd howled with laughter. Digging her fingers into her messy hair, Katie pummeled her skull, melting down into incoherent sobs, before the spanking made her cries more desperate.

Rose was lost in the moment, enjoying the thrill of tormenting her bully. But at length, Ros pulled herself together, and affected a maternal voice. "Are you going to behave yourself, Katie? Or do you need more spanking?"

Between sniffles and gasps, Katie managed to scream. "Yes! Yes, yes, yeeesss!!"

Rose spanked Katie twice, soundly. “Yes, you need more spanking?”

Katie shook her head, her long bangs flying wildly. “No! No spank! I'll behave!"

"Good. Then, up you get.” Rose added one last swat for good measure, before standing Katie back on her feet. As Rose clapped her hands, she did a double take, and examined Katie’s hips again. Sure enough, they were as big as she remembered them being during their measurement. “Hmmm, that is odd. Well, there’s nothing else for it. I'll have to sew together two skirts to fit that massive ass of yours."

Katie performed the war-dance of the soundly spanked, before noticing the change in her height and her bare bottom. Quickly she yanked up her school-approved bloomers.

As Katie crossed her arms and pouted, she looked, and indeed was, just as butt-hurt as she could possibly be. "Fine! Do whatever!"

Rosie hummed a song from Cinderella as she cut the two skirts along the hem, then wrapped them around Katie’s hips. “Keep still."

Then Rose jabbed a pin into Katie's oh-so-tender behind.

As she felt the prick, Katie was sure she heard a little “Ploink!”, then she jumped stiffly into the air, howling.

Rose looked up, coyly. "Oh, so sorry, did I catch you with a pin?"

Katie scowled and clutched her bottom. "You did that on purpose! Do you want another spank..."

As she felt herself starting to shrink again, Katie trailed off before finishing the word “spanking.” Then, she meekly turned around and bent over, resting her hands on her knees. "... Uh, don't worry about it. Please finish your work. Don't mind me!"

Rose rubbed her eyes, and sure enough, Katie was just as big and ponderous as she always was. With a shrug, Rose set to work. It took six pins to hold Katie’s skirt in place, and wouldn’t you know it, every single one seemed to catch Katie’s buttocks.

With the memory of the spanking still fresh in her mind, Katie grunted and squeaked as she endured the pricks, desperately trying to stand still.

Rose shook her head as she examined her work. “Well, I suppose this will be wide enough to accommodate your... unique build. Not much we can do to compensate for your height. You’re going to be showing off a lot of thigh still. Hopefully that’s within your dress code, because if it isn’t, we don’t accept returns, or alterations! I’ll have that back now!”

Katie groaned as she watched Rose working at her sewing machine. When the skirt was complete, Katie examined her completed school uniform. With laddered stockings, a visible gap between the top her pull-up stockings and the bottom of her Bride-of-Frankenstein-esque miniskirt, and her heaving breasts straining to break free of

her blouse, Katie couldn't help but wonder if the rule book she hadn't read touched on any of these particulars.

Just then, Mrs. Minos returned. "Ah! Such a wonderful lunch. Thank you for your help, young lady. Did Katie give you any trouble?"

Rose turned to look at Katie, a wicked smile crossing her face.

Katie shook her head, holding up her hands as if in prayer. "No! Puhleeze–I'll never–neva' do bad things again!"

The world seemed to go dark as it narrowed to just the two of them. Katie was sure she could read Rose's mind. *"You bared my bottom in the halls nearly every day for two years, and spanked me at least once a week, just because my name was Rosie."*

Katie paled as she remembered the truth of it. She remembered being the terrifying bully. What was strange is, she didn't know what's worse: knowing she was exactly the kind of person she hated back then, or knowing that she was about to get exactly what was coming to her now.

But even at that moment, Katie the Bulky wasn't repentant. She wasn't sad because she wanted to stop being a bully. She was sad because she still wanted to be a bully, but couldn't bully Rosie-Ass anymore.

Then, the world snapped back into focus around them.

Rose sighed. "I'm sorry, Ma'am, but she was a total nightmare. Complaining and yammering the whole time. Even threatened me once."

Minos gives Katie a stern look. "That sort of behaviour is not to be tolerated, young lady. I'll be reporting you to the Head Tormentor as soon as we return to campus. Here are your books. Lucky for you, I had time to scrounge them up. I will inform your parents of your forgetfulness, and advise them to take the cost out of your pocket money."

Minos swung the heavy shopping bag at Katie's belly, winding her. As Katie doubled over to catch her breath, Minos took her opportunity to pinch her by the ear and hurry her along. "Just you wait until the Head Tormenter hears what you've been up to, after all the work he put in. I wouldn't be surprised if he makes an example of you at the Orientation Ceremony, in front of the entire student body. In fact, I should hope he does!"

Knowing exactly what that meant, Katie couldn't even speak. She only sniveled and broke down sobbing, thinking how stupid she looked in the sort of "prissy uniform" she once mocked.

As they waited for the bus, Minos continued grumbling to herself. Katie tried to offer apologies and promises, none of which she really meant, before the bus finally arrived. Minos shushed her, and dragged her onto the bus.

Minos shook her head, and sat Katie on her lap, so that Katie was seated awkwardly in chest-to-chest position against the tiny old woman. As Minos tugged up Katie's skirt by the hem and tucked it out of the way, the furious secretary raised a hand. "There's nothing else for it. I'll just have to spank you for the entire ride home, just to keep your bottom toasty for the Head Tormentor."

Katie stammered as she looked down, and knew what was about to happen, but could do nothing to stop it. Minos began spanking Katie again, working hard to slap every square inch of Katie's granny panties with her tiny palm.

After only ten slaps, Katie started howling, before the buttons on her blouse burst, but Mrs. Minos only carried on the spanking stoically.

A few overseas tourists blinked. “Is this some kind of performance art?”

A local Londoner shrugged. “Maybe it’s a radical protest?”

The bus driver glanced in his overhead mirror. “Say, lady… could you maybe keep it down?”

Minos grumbled, then released her hold on Katie’s waist, only to snatch Katie by the ear and haul her down and across her lap, into a more traditional spanking position. “No, this young lady has been a pill all day. She has had this spanking coming for a long, long time, and she’s going to get it now, and for just as long.”

By now, Katie was shedding fresh tears of despair, too tired to resist as Minos began to strip Katie naked. Katie was so huge, she took up a whole six seats as she lay prone across Minos’s lap.

The bus driver shrugged as he saw Katie’s voluminous, bare bottom filling his rearview mirror. “Well, who am I to judge?”

The bus ride back to Hell High campus went swiftly for everyone, except Katie. As they arrived at their final destination, Mrs. Minos sighed and let Katie back up. “Well, thanks to you making things difficult, you’ve missed most of your first day. You’ll have about seven unexcused absences to make up for, in detention. But at least we’ll be back in plenty of time to make the House Pledging Ceremony. I shudder to think what would happen if we missed–”

As the bus door shut behind them with a hiss, Minos suddenly remembered she had forgotten to order Katie to get redressed. Katie was oblivious, until the moment Minos shrieked and tottered after the bus. “Wait! Come back! We need this student's uniform, or else... ah, drat. Now see what you made me do, Miss Bolker? All that trouble, and no uniform to show for it.”

Katie snorted as she suddenly became fully aware of her present predicament. She struggled to speak through her clogged nose. “... gugh?”

Minos sighed. “Oh well, nothing else for it but to soldier on. At least you can’t be spanked for an improper uniform infraction twice in one day. That can wait until tomorrow morning, since being buck naked is definitely a violation of dress code.”

Katie strained to reach the bus as it vanished into the distance, before Mrs. Minos tugged her sharply by the ear, through the gates, and back into Hell High. After Katie made one last, valiant, but ultimately doomed attempt to escape, Mrs. Minos huffed and hauled Katie over her shoulder, delivering a sharp slap. Katie cried, like a broken child, digging her nails into the asphalt as she was dragged back onto the grounds of Hell High.

As the gates slammed shut, they revealed a steel relief of a line of young men and women, with their backsides bared and presented to horned satyrs holding birch bundles.

Above the gates were written the words: *“Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate.”*

[End of Part 2]

Becky the Brat's Book Report:
Part 1: Bottom of the Class

"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a bratty girl in possession of a good bottom and a bad attitude, must be in need of a spanking."

The words were written in immaculate handwriting on the board behind Mr. Paimon's desk, as he sorted the pile of graded book reports into two neat piles. He was a silver-haired, spectacled man who looked like he'd much rather be working in the Oxford Faculty of English. "I have the marks for your recent essay on Pride and Prejudice. Some of you did well. Others less so. Before I begin handing out the marks, does anybody wish to confess to not doing the reading assignment? Confession will grant you Absolution." Above his desk, an oversized paddle named 'Absolution' hung, ready to be granted.

Becky Skiee filed her nails, failing to notice the paddle, and grumbled under her breath. She was totally blond, totally tan, and unmistakably a California-valley babe. "Sigh... glad that's over. I hate all that action adventure stuff. I prefer rom-coms! Hopefully we get to do something more romantic next. Like 50 Shades of Grey."

Mr. Paimon did not overhear this last comment, and began calling out students' names and grades, eventually reaching Becky's name. "Becky Skiee: F. Congratulations, you have achieved the worst grade in the class. You clearly gave this assignment the minimum of effort."

Becky pouted. "What are you talking about? I wrote about every single boring scene. It's about how prejudice against zombies is bad, and we should be proud of that."

"There are no zombies in Pride and Prejudice. At least find a way to tell me you only watched the movie without simply telling me you only watched the movie, Becky. For

that matter, you watched the wrong movie. About the only thing you got right on this paper is your name. Did you read any of the book at all?"

“Sure I did. I read the cover. ‘Pride and Prejudice.’ I know all about that stuff.”

Mr. Paimon adjusted his spectacles, and examined Becky’s essay. "Perhaps I should read some of your essay to the class. They might find your prose... instructive.

As some of Becky’s classmates began to snigger, he began to read. “And I quote, 'Mr. Darcy should have no trouble getting laid with a butt like that. But he better show that queen bitch some respect, or she'll smite him like she did the walking dead guys.’ Oh my, an allusion.”

“Nuh, uh. It’s a pop culture reference. There’s nothing magic about it.”

"Aptly put, Miss Skiee. Please, stand up and come to the front of the class."

With a sniff, Becky rose from her seat, and power-walked like a supermodel. Mr. Paimon slid his chair out from behind his desk, then turned to face her. "Becky, not only have you clearly not completed the reading assignment, you continue to lie about it. That has earnt you not one but two spankings. Normally, I would assign extra homework to the entire class, but I don’t feel like grading any more of your essays than absolutely necessary in my brief, remaining life.”

Mr. Paimon seated himself, and patted his thigh. “I believe a simple, direct punishment is in order. Now, get across my lap!"

Becky blinked. Then, Becky pictured a comic book thought cloud above her head, containing a picture of her amazing behind being pinned with a blue ribbon. “Huh?

But I've been voted 'Hottest Ass at Hell High.' You can't spank me. I have political power here now."

As the classroom erupted into jeering giggles, Mr. Paimon smirked. "I can assure you, this is only going to reinforce your place in that most coveted position."

Becky tried to have a lightbulb moment. Then the two-watt bulb above her head fizzled out. "Wat?"

"I'm going to give you a very, very hot ass, Miss Skiee." Abruptly, Mr. Paimon grabbed her wrist and pulled her across his knees.

Becky pictured her ass bursting into flames, before the realisation of the situation finally dawned on her, and her thought cloud disappeared with a poof.

She tried to struggle, only to be forced back down across his lap. "Nooo! I'm too popular to spank! Please, not in front of the whole class!"

"Oh, a public spanking won't hurt your popularity, Becky. If anything, it will enhance it. I assure you, by lunchtime, half the school will be talking about Becky Skiee, and how badly she got spanked today..."

Mr. Paimon trailed off as he lifted Becky's skirt, revealing the sheer nylons that covered her backside. From the watching class there were a number of gasps. As if on cue, one of the young ladies obligingly dropped a wine glass, though what she was drinking in English class remained a mystery.

Mr. Paimon tightened his mouth. "Becky Skiee... what are these?"

Becky glanced backwards, and noticed that her backside was now the center of attention for the entire class. "Huh? They're stockings of course. They're in vogue this season."

Mr. Paimon landed a sharp clap across the gossamer thin seat of Becky's nylons. "These are tights. Didn't you read the dress code, Becky? They clearly explain that students are not allowed to wear tights on campus. Only socks and pull-up stockings are permitted."

"Yow! ... Are you, like, blind? These are stockings! Tights are what superheroes wear! You ever seen a superhero in pantyhose? Duh!"

Mr. Paimon rubbed his eyes. "Urgh! 'Pantyhose'? Becky, this is English class. And so long as that remains the name of the language, I will not accept crass American vernacular in my classroom."

Becky writhed atop his lap. "This makes no sense! They cover my legs! Who cares what they're called?"

"Because, in England, these are known as tights, and tights are strictly forbidden. You are out of uniform. Which will earn you an extra spanking. And since these..."

He grabbed the tights and pulled them upward into a taut wedgie. "... are providing some cushioning to your bottom, school rules allow me to double the length of each spanking administered.

Then he let them snap back against Becky's behind. Already, the fabric had begun to ladder.
Becky gasped as she felt relief from the wedgie. "Ow! Oooh! Oh, please, sir! This is embarrassing! You're going to ruin my stockings!"

Raising an eyebrow, he started to slowly tug the tights downward, slowly. “Perhaps you’d like me to remove them?"

Becky caught her breath as she felt her upper butt crack exposed to the open air. “Oof? Nooooo! Not on the bare! Not my beautiful ass!"

As he released his hold on the undergarments, Mr. Paimon patted them back in place, unable to disguise the note of a gloating tone. "You get double spankings for having them covered, Becky. Are you sure you don't want it on the bare?"

Becky blinked. "Well... um..."

Then she peered back, staring at her own bottom.

Three seconds passed.

Six seconds.

From Mr. Paimon’s desk, his ancient computer suddenly played the AOL internet noise as it struggled to connect to the internet. Becky forced a smile. “Can't we just do the thing where I get what I want? I could, you know, meet you after class and do some... extra credit?" Becky blatantly made a hand gesture that resembled stuffing an invisible banana in her mouth.

Mr. Paimon answered with another playful smack. "I suspect you get your way in other classes, Becky, but in mine, you shall pass it fairly. Perhaps a warm up will give you some time to consider."

He rubbed the flat of his palm against Becky’s delightful bottom, before raising his hand high and landing a ferocious clap across her shapely ass.

Becky winced. "Yeeow! Ooww! Ouch! Okay, I get it! Reading is good and stuff!"

"See, such a breakthrough already. Imagine what we'll accomplish after your full six spankings."

Becky's eyes popped open. "Six? But... six is more than two?"

"One for not doing the reading assignment."

Mr. Paimon punctuated his sentence with an open-palmed slap to the crown of Becky's bottom.

SMACK!

"Another for lying..."

WHACK!

"A third for being out of uniform."

THWACK!

"That's three spankings. Then doubled, for having your bottom covered up."

With that, he began to spank at a brisk, steady pace.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Becky yowled between each spank, and wriggled her rump. "Ooch! H-hold on! Ouch! All I wanted to know is if I could have one spanking over clothing—OW!—instead of over the bare! I didn't know I was agreeing to this! Eep! I want it on the bare! On the bare!!"

Unperturbed, Mr. Paimon continued raining hard smacks down across her thinly protected bottom. "Too late, Becky. I'm afraid school rules prohibit me from stopping a spanking once it has started."

It was a fact little known to the students at Hell High that each student had a file, which was shared amongst the faculty. Contained within each file were, among other things, notes on the location of any sweet spots on their rear and the angle of stroke needed to produce the maximum effect. It had been observed by other teachers that Becky carried extra puppy fat on her behind, so it was recommended that more force be used to spank Becky than most female students. It had also been noted that she was quite bothered by the sensation of welts, and complained that they were a blemish that marred the beauty of her perfect butt.

Mr. Paimon took a short pause to stretch her butt cheeks taut. To Becky's great regret, she felt welts in the shape of his splayed fingers rising against the snug fabric. "Ooh... come on! Don't school rules give you a little–um–what's the word for doing whatever the hell you want? Oh yeah! *Persecutorial* discretion! Can't you let me off easy, just this once?"

Mr. Paimon only began to spank again, in earnest. Becky howled as she felt the impact of each slap increase in force, along with the quickening pace of the spanking. She prayed to no one in particular that her gambit would work. "After all, who could possibly resist this booty?"

It appeared Mr. Paimon could, at least for the next five minutes. Relentlessly he spanked Becky's partially protected ass, until she was left howling. He waved his stinging hand. "Alright Becky. One spanking is over. You wished to ask me something?"

"Ooooh, gosh... Huh? Oh, um... can I get the other kind of spanking? The one where I only get two spankings or something?"

He stroked her backside, almost lovingly. "Well. You were due six spankings because you insisted on being covered up. You've had one so that would leave five more. However, if you wish to change your mind and have your bottom bared for your spankings, I can reduce that number down to just three."

Becky nodded furiously. "Oh yes! Bare is better! I'll show you my bare bottom all you want!"

He patted her bottom. "Very well Becky, up you get."

Mr. Paimon lifted his arm and allowed Becky to stand. "Now, bare that bottom, Missy."

Becky reached for the hem of her pantyhose/tights, then suddenly remembered the rest of the class. "H-hold on! I thought you meant you wanted to see my bare bottom after class. Can't I get the short, bare-bottom version of the spanking... without baring my bottom?"

"Of course not. You are still trying to negotiate, but I am not interested in bargaining. I was willing to let you bare your bottom, and give you just three more spankings, instead of the remaining five spankings you currently have coming. But if you don't want that deal..."

Grabbing Becky by the wrist, he yanked her across his lap once more.

Becky flapped her arms, wildly. "Nooo! Hold on! Let's make a new deal! If you give me what I want, I'll do whatever you want! I'll wear a catgirl costume! A maid outfit! Spandex! Whatever your perverted little heart desires!"

He pinned her between his legs to restrain her, and used his knee to prop her bottom up at a sharp angle. "Rules prohibit me stopping once a spanking has started, and it starts as soon as you go over my knee. Also, the disciplinary manual recommends that I use a different implement for each spanking."

He picked a wooden ruler off his desk and dangled it in front of Becky's face. "This should do nicely"

Becky stared at the ruler. "Noooo! What do you want from me? Tits? Ass? Feet pics?"

"What I want, Becky, is for you to have done your reading assignment. But since you haven't, I am going to ensure you are appropriately chastised."

With that Mr. Paimon swapped the ruler to his other hand and landed a solid stroke across Becky's rear end.

THWAP!

"Yiiiikes! I-in that case, h-how about if I do a make-up assignment? I'll, uh, do a creative writing project? I could draw a picture of how the story made me feel? Eeeeeek!"

"This isn't art class, Becky. This is English. And the English for what you're about to get is a sound thrashing!"

Slowly, carefully, Mr. Paimon began delivering solid whacks with the ruler, working downward along Becky's tight-clad buttocks. Each one layered perfectly so there was no overlap, but no inch of Becky's rear was spared. He prided himself on his skills with a ruler. "Measure twice, cut once," he mused.

When, at last, he reached the bottom of her cheeks, he delivered a second stroke across her lower bottom, and began the process all over again in reverse, leaving each fresh red mark directly above the previous one.

Becky howled as she felt the heat rising against her tights. "Gyaah! Omigooooooosh!"

Her tights and regulation school panties barely provided any cushioning effect. Becky lost the limited coherence she had, and started stammering between each stroke.

Mr. Paimon raised an eyebrow as he delivered another set of strokes with the ruler. "She's a bit tougher than I expected, for a valley girl. Perhaps she's grown used to being spanked by now," he thought.

Becky yelped and hollered, but she still hadn't shed a single tear yet.

With a nod of disapproval, Mr. Paimon set aside the ruler. "That's two. Now, are you wanting four more spankings, Becky, or are you wanting to halve your total back to three by baring your ass?"

She hissed, the pain of the spanking quickly overcoming her fear of embarrassment. "Four... three... wait, I get less spanking if I go bare, right? Okay! Okay, like, I'll totally bare my butt!"

Smiling, Mr. Paimon took the opportunity to remove Becky's shoes, admiring her dainty feet as she kicked them behind her. Finally, he let her up off his lap. "Up you get."

He stood, and pointed to a wooden stool, which was sitting in the opposite corner of the room.

"Now, stand on top of the timeout chair."

“Huh... stand? But... stools are for sitting?"

He delivered a single hard smack, landing it directly across the center of Becky’s backside.

Becky squeaked, and hopped in place.

Mr. Paimon crossed his arms. “If you don’t obey, we can start over. Would you like that?"

Still bouncing like a bunny, Becky hopped over and up onto the stool. "Eep! No sir! Woah... I'm super obedient, see?"

Mr. Paimon sighed, then marched to his desk, and fumbled through the drawers. "Good. You can continue to demonstrate contrition by removing any articles of clothing which may inhibit my chastisement of your rear. Specifically your skirt and panties."

Nodding, Becky dropped her panties and skirt and tossed them aside casually. Then she tied up her blouse at the front to expose her midriff, rocking precariously on the stool.

Then, she heard someone snicker, and suddenly, finally, she remembered the class was watching. "Ugh... at least this is my last spanking!”

Delicately, Mr. Paimon scooped up Becky's discarded clothing. "Don't be absurd, Miss Skiee. You have three bare bottom spankings coming."

Becky stiffened. "Huh? But you already gave me two! Three minus two is one!"

The rest of class started to titter as they slowly realized the irony of Becky's situation.

Mr. Paimon set Becky's skirt and panties in a desk drawer. "That was when you were being stubborn, and insisted on keeping your bottom clothed. The alternative was three spankings on the bare, so that is what you will get."

"Huh? That's no fair!"

"It's perfectly fair. I'm giving you exactly what I promised I'd give you."

Becky stomped her foot, nearly knocking over the stool she was standing on. "Woah! Well, screw this! If I had known that, I'd never have agreed to baring my butt. Just gimme the six spankings, you jerk!"

Mr. Paimon slammed the drawer shut, and took a deep breath. "As you wish, Miss Skiee."

Becky stuck her nose in the air. "Cool! So, gimme my clothes back."

He opened a second drawer, and pulled out a box of soap. "No. That's not part of the deal we made..."

"What deal?"

"You asked for six spankings. So I will happily oblige. But first, we need to do something about that sharp tongue of yours."

He reached up and pinched Becky's ear between forefinger and thumb. She arched backwards, nearly falling off. "Yeep! Hold on, I thought you meant, like, the meet-me-after-class-wearing-a-bunny-suit deal!"

"No. You asked to go back to the six spankings, so that is what we'll do. That means you have four more to go. But, look on the bright side..."

With a twist of his wrist, he forced her to twist her head and look at all the class watching her. Some of the boys had stuffed their fists into their mouths to contain their laughter. "... you're the most popular girl in class right now."

Becky's knees wobbled as she nearly fell off the stool. "Watch it! You're gonna make me fall on my ass!"

"Well, jump down then!" He landed a pop across her rear with his free hand..

Becky yowled and hopped backwards off the stool, clutching her rear. Then she danced in place, rubbing it.

Mr. Paimon clicked his tongue. "Tut, tut. Rubbing without permission, Becky? You know better than that. And you know the penalty for it too!"

Becky froze. "Huh? Penalty? But what's hockey got to do with this?"

"I don't know what hockey is, and I don't care to know. I'm referring to the punishment for unauthorized rubbing during a spanking. Think hard, Becky. I'm sure you can remember what it is!"

Becky suddenly noticed she was naked below the waist, and covered her groin. "Um... I have to wear something super dorky and embarrassing? Like last summer's seasonal line?"

"Actually I think making you go around the rest of the day dressed like that will be suitable."

She glanced down. "But... I'm not dressed?"

"But think how popular that will make you with the boys. Now, where was I? Ah, yes! The penalty! Rubbing your bottom means I'll have to start your six spankings, all over from the beginning. Which means I can also reuse your favorite implement..."

He hauled Becky by her ear towards his desk, and snatched up the wooden ruler. Becky's eyes went wide as she saw the horrible ruler. "No! That's my least favorite!"

"Precisely."

Becky rolled back her head and wailed to the heavens. "Aaargh! I hate this crummy schooooool!"

Mr. Paimon snatched Becky's hands away from her crotch, and forced her to bend over and rest her weight against the desk. Hellish flames sparked to life, covering Becky's bottom. Squealing, she immediately assumed the proper stance, poking out her posterior to present a proper target for punishment.

Mr. Paimon raised the ruler high. "Well, you can hate this school all you want, but you won't be sitting down comfortably while you're busy hating it." Once again, he

systematically delivered a fresh set of parallel strokes with the ruler, layered neat red lines across Becky's now bare bottom.

SNAP! CRACK! THWACK!

"Yaaaagh!" Becky's resolve started to crumble, more from frustration than from the pain. But as she felt the hellfire start to die down, Becky forced herself to stick out her bottom, if only to save it from burning any further.

After finishing another set of ruler strokes, covering Becky's behind from top to bottom and from bottom back to top, Mr. Paimon laid down the ruler and opened his desk drawer. "This implement looks promising. What do you think, Becky?"

He dangled a short, round paddle before her eyes.

Becky fumed. "Oh, come on! The ruler was bad enough!"

"As much as I appreciate the ruler, I can't use the same item twice. This is your second of the six bare bottom spankings you agreed to. I suppose you're as spendthrift with verbal contracts as you are with reading literature."

With that, he landed the paddle firmly on Becky's right cheek! She danced in place, kicking her feet up behind her. "Owwww! This is like, ass-salt and battery, or whatever!"

From the neighbouring music class, there came the muffled sound of a rimshot.
"Ba-dum-tss!"

As if in tribute, Mr. Paimon started to play a percussion instrument of his own, though in this case, it was the butt bongo. Becky performed an apt lyrical accompaniment, even if she was improvising the words.

She wailed, in time to the music team playing “Oh Danny Boy” next door. “Oooh, bloody hell! My ass! My ass is stinging!”

"Oh, such a fuss you're making, Miss Skiee! At this rate, by the time your six spankings are through, we'll have enough material for a whole album.”

From the front row of the class, a young woman raised her hand to speak. She was wearing an unauthorized pin that marked her as a member of the Swifty cult. “You could call it The Tortured Rear's Department?”

Mr. Paimon narrowed his eyes as he paddled Becky, harder and faster. “Don’t interrupt, Miss Americana, or you’re next.”

By this point, Becky had been reduced to incoherent hollering.

“Wah. Waah! Waaaaaah!” Her sorrowful wails were accompanied by the sound of a sad trombone from next door.

Mr. Paimon made an approving noise, and set aside the paddle. "Well, Miss Skiee, that’s two bare bottomed spankings down, four more to go, and it looks like I'm finally getting through to you. You certainly have gone a lovely shade of red. At both ends. Now are you ready for your next spanking?"

She blubbered like a bawling, bare-bottomed, baby, before she comprehended his words and dropped to her knees clutching at his shoes. “Oh please sir, have mercy! My ass can’t take this abuse!”

"Well you already sacrificed all your clothes below the waist. What else do you have to offer, if you want me to show you any mercy?"

“Um… my eternal gratitude?”

The whole class laughed uproariously. Even Mr. Paimon chuckled. "Sorry, not interested. On to your next spanking, then."

He opened the seemingly bottomless drawer which contained his spanking tools and rummaged around, giving Becky some time to think.

Another two-watt lightbulb appeared over Becky’s head. “Wait… you want me to take off my top?”

Mr. Paimon pulled an impossibly long cane out of the small drawer, then reached his arm back into the infinite void within the drawer. "Hmm… are you saying you'll go completely naked, Becky, just to get out of a spanking?"

Becky looked down at her ample breasts, then at the giggling students, then at her red bottom, and finally at him, her lip quivering. “Pwease… no more spanking!”

Mr. Paimon pulled out a three-tougued leather strap, then strolled to stand in front of Becky. "Well this is Hell High. No more spanking is unlikely. But I'll agree to spare you your next spanking, if you agree to go naked for the rest of the day?"

Becky’s lip quivered. “Okaaaay…”

Mr. Paimon reached around to pet Becky’s behind, then stroked his calloused palm against the blistering hot surface of her skin."Hmm, hottest bottom in school indeed!"

Flinching, Becky savored the brief relief provided by the massage, then hung her head as she heard the snickers behind her.

Slowly, she started unbuttoning the back of her shirt, before Mr. Paimon grabbed her hands to stop her. "Face the class, Becky. You're providing them a lesson, you may as well provide them a good view." He punctuated the request with a smack to her lower bottom.

Becky danced on her heels, and spun around.“Eek... yessir!”

Facing the class, she let her top drop below her bare shoulders, revealing a designer bra.

Mr. Paimon cooed. "Oh dear, Becky... You know, I don't think that bra is on the approved uniform list." His voice was heavy with implication.

Becky tensed. “Oh no, sir! I did everything you asked! Surely, you don’t mean...”

He gave her bottom a firm love-tap. "Another spanking? That’s the only proper punishment for a dress code violation. As long as you’re wearing that bra, you'll be out of uniform. Of course, you always have the option to remove the offending article of clothing. But you know what that means..."

Crying profusely over the howls of laughter, Becky slowly unbuckled the back of her bra. Just before it fell, she clapped the front to her chest with one hand, whining. “Oh, please sir, pretty please–”

Mr. Paimon cut off her protests with a hard smack on her bare bottom. "No covering!"

He pointed to her front. "That goes for down here too. Put your hands on your head and give your classmates a turn. Let them see what a stupid, naughty dunce of a girl looks like."

Slowly, Becky complied. By the time she finished turning, she snivelled, then wept in despair.

Mr. Paimon checked his watch, giving her a few moments to stop crying long enough to hear him. "Now, you'll be pleased to hear our agreement holds. I'll let you off your next spanking, so long as you agree to remain like that all day. Sadly, you still had four more spankings coming. Now, I doubt you're doing any better in maths than you are in English, but what do you get if you're due four spankings, minus one spanking?"

In sheer horror, Becky let her jaw drop."Three more spankings!"

"See, you can subtract. You just need to be properly motivated. We should spank you like this every lesson."

Tears spilled down Becky's face like waterfalls. "Why is the universe doing this to meeeeee?!"

"Because you didn't do your homework and lied about it..."

Becky pranced on the balls of her feet, as if she was trying to run away, only to stay trapped in one place. "I didn't lie! I only said I read the title!"

He sat back down, smiling broadly. "You also claimed these weren't tights you were wearing, which was a bare-faced lie. And bare-faced liars get bare-assed spankings."

Becky hopped with rage, sending her boobies bouncing. "But my mommy calls them stockings! She really did! I memba' cuz she said I couldn't wear them back in America! I wanna go home! Waaaah!"

Then she stumbled, tripped, and flopped forwards, landing right across his lap.

Mr. Paimon patted her bottom, playfully. "We need to deal with your coarse American attempt at spoken language. I'll be inviting your mother to my office to discuss her parental support of your education. But first..."

He landed an open-palmed slap across Becky's tender rear, holding the small of her back while she bucked and howled. "Wha! Wah! Woooow!"

In the neighbouring music class a trombone echoed Becky's cry with three sad notes, as if to mock Becky's predicament.

By now, Becky had fully melted into incoherent tears, flailing as her bottom got soundly spanked yet again.

Finally, Mr. Paimon paused the punishment. "Are you going to give me any more trouble, young lady? Because if you mess around or try to cover up you know what will happen?"

Given Becky's lack of academic ability it was entirely possible she did not know what would happen, so Mr. Paimon chose to punctuate the question with three more quick smacks to her very red cheeks.

Becky screamed. "No, no, noooo!"

But he cut off her final trailing cry with a reverberating slap. She gasped, then sheepishly asked him to repeat the question. After he did, she paused to consider her answer. "I'll... um... get more spankings?"

"That's the first thing you've gotten right all day, young lady. Now on your feet and march straight to the sink."

He scooped up the box of soap from his desk, and pointed firmly to the back of the class.

Becky stumbled naked past all her sniggering classmates.“The sink? Are you going to... spank me with the kitchen sink?”

Mr. Paimon reached past Becky to turn on the water. "No Becky, I'm not going to spank you with the sink. That would be silly. And highly impractical. We are going to wash your mouth out with some good old English soap."

"But why? I didn't use any cuss words."

Mr. Paimon shook his head as he lathered the bar of soap. "Believe me your coarse American tongue was enough! When I’m through with you, you'll know to call things by their proper English names. And be able to put 'U's' in the appropriate places."

As he released the soap, it floated in midair, floating towards Becky’s terror-striken face.

Becky stammered, before the bar of soap helpfully flew into her mouth.
“Buh—bumff!!”

Mr. Paimon rubbed his shoulder. "Goodness, my arm needs a rest. Tell you what, Becky, I’ll have you write some lines in lieu of one of your remaining spankings. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?"

Soap suds dripped from the bar. “Wyen’th? Yeth’ppft! Yeff, pweeth!”

Mr. Paimon spun her around, and patted her behind to goose her forwards. "Very well. Back to the front of the class, Becky. Up to the blackboard and write the following one hundred times: 'I am a dumb, air-headed blonde.' And no covering!"

She made a whiny noise but obeyed. As she wrote, "I am a dumb, air-headed blonde," she wondered how absurd she must look.

Becky had no choice but to stand there, dripping tears from her eyes and soap from her mouth, writing lines like a beautiful, butt-naked Bart Simpson. But she felt a sense of relief. “At least this is almost over!” thought Becky.

Of course if she had really put her mind to it Becky might have realised that, even after finishing the lines, she still had one more spanking left.

As Mr. Paimon carefully set aside the ruler and the round paddle, he considered the other implements in his seemingly infinite drawer. Becky "happily" carried on writing, oblivious of what was happening behind her

After Becky had written about ten repetitions, Mr. Paimon glanced up to check her progress. "Damn it, Becky, your handwriting is illegible, and at this rate you'll be here all day. I'll just have to give you your last spanking now, then keep you after class to finish the rest.

"Becky stiffened, then turned, dropping to her knees. “Buh ah diff waffu pp’thaid!”

"Let's start by seeing if this soap has washed the coarse American accent out of you."

He popped the soap bar out of Becky’s mouth.The moment Becky started talking, she spoke in an unmistakable, old-school Cockney accent, straight out of BBC period

dramas. “Oi! But, it ain’t a fair cop, guvna’! I wrote the bleedin’ lines and all, jus’ like yoo asked!”

Once again, he took hold of Becky’s ear and marched her down the classroom to the sink. "Oh dear. This is going to require much more than a simple soaping."

Next door, a trombone player from the music class obligingly provided a strained 'whooooooooow' sound as the class rubbernecked to follow Becky’s progress. Once they reached the sink Mr. Paimon dipped the soap bar in the water.

"Do not worry Miss Skiee, we will soon have you speaking the King's English. Now open wide..." To facilitate his request he released Becky’s ear and gave the naked brat a firm slap to her rear.

Becky hopped in place, howling. “Aaow! Me bloomin’ aaaaarr—” The now wet and sudsy bar of soap was firmly inserted into Becky’s mouth. Mr. Paimon pinched Becky’s nose with his free hand and worked the soap bar back and forth. "When this is done you'll be talking like a sweet little angel. Now, be a dear and roll your tongue around the soap. Let the suds fill all the nooks and crannies."

As froth and bubbles spilled from Becky’s mouth, she mumbled in a distinctly British manner. “Mumth, frirr? Mammph ah meemph ffummph’d eenoofh?” Mr. Paimon removed the soap bar.

"Spit," he instructed, gesturing to the sink. As Becky bent over, gagging on soap suds, the whole class was treated to a nice rear view of her backside. Becky hacked up a loogie, then looked at him pitifully. “Oh, please sir, haven’t I been punished enough?”

Finally, it was Perfect King’s English.

"Well your accent is sorted, but you are still due another spanking, Becky. Unless you'd like to confess your sins of Sloth and Pride, and seek Absolution?" He glanced slyly at the large, engraved paddle hanging above his desk.

Becky's eyes looked hopeful. "Oh, good sir, do you really mean it? Verily? If I confess, you'll spare me the last spanking?"

"Of course not. Can't you read? The name of the paddle is Absolution. You'll be getting a taste of it, in either case."

Becky stared at the paddle and slowly put two and two together. Then, suddenly, she slipped into a thick Scottish accent. "Wuh? Ye snake-tongued blighter! Och, A widnae hae confessed a single word if A'd kent that wis whit ye were up tae, ye treacherous auld scunner!"

Mr. Paimon scowled. "Scottish? Honestly Becky, are you too stupid to know what an English accent is? It seems a remedial lesson in basic geography is in order." Pinching her by the ear, he hoisted her up onto her tiptoes, forcing her to scuttle along after him as he dragged her back to his desk.

Mr. Paimon retrieved the long wooden paddle from its mantle, spinning it to show Becky the engraved name up close: "Absolution." "Also, it's hardly my fault if you forgot about my paddle. I mentioned it at the very start of the lesson."

Becky struggled futilely as she was led along. "Ya great fookin' bounder! I'll scratch yer eyes out!"

"You wouldn't be threatening a teacher would you, Becky? Because you know exactly what the punishment is for such uncivilized behavior."

Becky was practically having a conniption. Her accent was now “free flowing” across any number of the colonies vaguely connected to the British Empire. At the moment, she sounded distinctly Australian. “Do your worst, yah bugger!”

"As you request, Miss Skiee." Mr. Paimon hoisted her across his desk, ass facing the class, and gripped the long, two-handed handle of the paddle.

Becky struggled to stand, but it was as if her hands were superglued to the top of the desk. She swore, now slipping into an Irish accent. “Noooo! Ye’ fookin’ gobshite!”

After testing his swing, just like a baseball player, Mr. Paimon landed a ferocious swipe of the paddle, easily covering Becky’s entire butt. After Becky felt the first impact she was momentarily stunned, then howled, bouncing up on her heels and kicking her legs in a delayed reaction. “Bloody baaaaaalls!”

"Ah, see, that's a much better enunciation! Now, let’s see if we can drive home the distinction between the United Kingdom and Great Britain. No more gaelic expressions, if you know what’s good for you."

He struck her again, producing an echoing thunderclap.

After two spanks it seemed that Becky had finally rediscovered proper Shakespearean English. “Ooh! Prithee, sir! Mercy! I don’t want no more! Boo hooooo!”

"Ah, see, proper progress has been made. We are obviously getting to the bottom of the problem..."

WHAP!

“Yooow! Oh, alas! Alas for mine ass!”

"Good girl. Now are you going to do your homework in future?"

CRACK!

Becky squealed as the paddle pressed her ass flat.“Yeeesss! Yes, sirrrrr!”

"And you're going to wire your lines, legibly, on my blackboard?"

WHACK!

Becky slapped her forehead down against the desk. “Yes! I will! I’ll do—hooo! Dooooo iiiiiiit!!”

"And you'll spend the rest of the day without your uniform?"

THWAP! THWOP!

Before Becky could answer his first question, Mr. Paimon quickly delivered a second stroke of the paddle. "And no covering up?"

Becky roared as she felt the cumulative effect of the paddling build to a blazing butt-bonfire. “All right, Yes! Ooooowww! Yes, yes, whatever you say!!”

"Well, I said do your homework!"

THWACK!

“Aaaagh! Yes yes yes! I’ll do anything! Oooooh-aauuu!"

"Very well, Becky. Get back to that blackboard and get on with those lines. I'll be writing your mother, and I do hope she enforces the rule that a spanking at school means a spanking at home. Because then you'll have another six to come..."

“Yeesss... ssirrrr...” Snivelling, Becky made her way to the blackboard and began writing out her lines. Her penmanship was as awful as ever. Shakily, she started to write out an eleventh repetition of: “I am a dumb, air-headed blonde.”

Mr. Paimon clicked his tongue as he watched. "Oh dear Becky. Your writing is still terrible. What can we possibly do to motivate you to be neater?"

He gave her a gentle love-tap to her rear, much to the amusement of the class.

Becky stiffened, then looked up at her teacher with the eyes of a whipped puppy dog. “Umm... give me extra handwriting homework?”

"I would. But you see, Becky, I can't trust you to do your homework can I?"

He patted her bottom again, squeezing each of her hot butt-cheeks, one after the other.Two tears trickled down her face. In her despair, she couldn’t even speak.

Mr. Paimon gave her a final pinch, twisting the puppy fat on her bottom, before releasing his hold on her. "But you’ve had six suitable punishments, and I suppose my arm is getting tired. I’ll have to keep you after class, so you can practice proper handwriting in detention. I’ll be monitoring you, very closely."

She sighed with relief. "Yes sir."

But later that day, as Becky sat on a hard, unyielding wooden stool, wearing nothing but a dunce cap, her throbbing ass was a vivid reminder that this had not been her best idea after all.

After twelve tries, she finally copied her line in handwriting that was deemed legible, and was allowed to continue writing the rest of her lines. Then, Mr. Paimon handed her a copy of Pride and Prejudice, and ordered her to sit in the corner, while he finished grading his next batch of book reports.

Glancing nervously over her shoulder, Becky fidgeted uncomfortably on her seat. Mr. Paimon had been kind enough to give her a rough Brillo pad to act as a "seat cushion."

Wincing, Becky examined the man and woman depicted on the cover of the book, which was a 1990s edition meant to coincide with the release of the BBC television adaptation. "Huh. He's kind of a hot piece of ass. I can see the appeal."

And so, Becky set to reading.

[End Of Part 1]

Becky the Brat's Book Report:
Part 2: Like Mother, Like Daughter

In the Latin classroom at Hell High, Becky Skiee sat perched on the edge of the teacher's desk in her school uniform, her skirt pinned up with a clothespin to reveal her perky posterior, clad in simple, sky-blue school knickers. Becky's beloved tights were not to be seen. For the last five days, that had been pretty much all she had been wearing.

A pointed dunce hat sat atop her head, and she was busy writing lines on the blackboard as punishment. Over and over again, she silently wrote the words: "I must put more effort into my vocational studies," in a shaky hand.

Seated directly next to Becky, the Hellmaster leaned forwards at his desk, leaning in and eyeing the young woman's quivering buttocks out of the corner of his yellow eyes. He was an old man, very lean, and very tall.

There came a knock at the door. Becky stiffened, but kept writing, while the Hellmaster only smiled. "Come in."

A curvy, middle-aged woman burst into the room. The Hellmaster raised a sharp eyebrow. "Welcome, Mrs. Skiee. I don't believe we've had the honor of being formally introduced before. I am Hellmaster–"

"That's *Mizz* Skiee to you!" Ms. Skiee strode towards the Hellmaster's desk. She was dressed in a formal lady's suit with shoulder pads and a black skirt, while her hair was styled in a short, platinum-blond perm. She huffed. "Hmmph... can't believe you don't have reserved parking for parents. I had to walk all the way over from the winery. Oh, hello Becky, darling, you look... that's a rather bold choice for a hat. Is that a *Maison Michel?"*

Becky's only answer was a soft, whimpering sound, before she accidentally scraped her chalk too roughly against the blackboard.

The Hellmaster shook his head. "No, ma'am. That is a dunce's cap to signify Becky's status. Specifically, her ghastly performance in her vocational studies. You don't like wearing it, do you Becky?"

Becky squirmed on her seat but did not risk pausing her work on the lines. "No, sir. But I will wear it, because I am a dumb blonde who needs to... um, learn smartly?"

"Learn *promptly!"* He reached back to deliver two sharp slaps across Becky's bare legs, each in turn. "As you can see, Becky is in desperate need of firm discipline to focus on her studies. I fear she is also in dire need of a dictionary."

Ms. Skiee wagged a finger in the Hellmaster's face. "Hey! Hands off my daughter's assets. I'm raising her to be a strong, independent feminist."

The Hellmaster's expression did not change. "You're raising her to be an irreverent bimbo. Not to mention a first-rate pain in the ass. But all is not lost. With regular doses of home discipline I think her attitude can be turned around."

"Discipline... you mean..." Ms. Skiee's eyes suddenly caught the rack of spanking implements on the wall. "What? You spank in this school? I thought that was banned after the Dark Ages or something."

The Hellmaster heaved a long, heavy sigh. "It seems you haven't acquainted yourself with the disciplinary manual very carefully, *Mizz* Skiee. You see, this is *Hell High*. And here we practice a very traditional, some might even say archaic, but thoroughly *scientific* form of discipline. One which has proven highly effective at changing the attitude of

bratty girls… of *any age!"* As he uttered the last words with emphasis, he carefully looked Ms. Skiee up and down.

Ms. Skiee's mouth hung open. "But I thought this was supposed to be an elite, high-class sort of school. BBC accents and everything. In the States, only the low-class, hillbilly-hick sort of parents still spank their kids. Have you tried motivating Becky with treats? That usually works wonders."

Becky shook her head. "No, Mummy! Don't make it worse for my…"

Then Becky noticed the Hellmaster glaring at her, and faced the black board. "… Ahem! I am a very dumb blonde!"

The Hellmaster curled his lip. "Treats have not been motivating Becky to do her homework. She is failing in numerous classes."

Ms. Skiee made a clucking sound. "Feh! So much for your scientific method, or whatever you call it."

"Our methods are demonstrably effective at motivating our scholars to apply themselves. I'm afraid Becky is an example of what we politely refer to as 'a problem student.' But despite all evidence to the contrary, we do not believe that your daughter is an entirely hopeless case. We simply believe she needs to receive proper reinforcement at home. Unfortunately, Becky's guidance counselor has sent you numerous emails, and made repeated attempts to call you, only to be directed by your secretary to an answering machine with a full inbox."

"You're the ones who've been calling me at work? How dare you! People at the office will think I'm not showing proper commitment to our company values at home!"

“I find your ambition to pursue your career most *admirable*. But if you wish to prepare your daughter for success, I strongly urge you to consider implementing our full recommended disciplinary regimen for Becky, at home.”

“You mean you want me to spank my precious Becky? How dare you suggest it! It’s anti-feminist!”

“*Au contraire*... when it comes to matters of discipline, we are principled egalitarians. Perhaps I should demonstrate? Tell me, are you averse to making a deal, Ms. Skiee?”

Ms. Skiee scoffed. “Bah! I’m breaking the glass ceiling by working in HR for my hubby’s up-and-coming Silicon Valley web app vibe coding solution! I think I know a thing or two about making deals.”

“Excellent. So I propose to test the validity of my methods, and if they are proven to be effective, then you will accept them yourself and then implement them to my satisfaction.”

Ms. Skiee stuck her nose in the air. “Hmmph. Effective? I’ll be the judge of that. If you can prove that such barbaric, non-non-violent parenting techniques actually work, to *my* satisfaction, I’ll admit you’re right. Heck, I just might start tanning Becky’s hide myself. You have a deal.”

Becky squeaked in alarm. “No, Mommy, no! Never make deals!”

Ms. Skie held up an index finger. “Hush, honey, Mommy’s working. Nothing’s happening to your precious, perfect little backside without my say-so.”

The Hellmaster lips parted slowly, revealing every one of his dull grey teeth. “She is quite correct, Becky. Now, up you get, young lady. Come around to the front of my desk. You’re overdue for another little *demonstration*. Assume the correct position.”

Becky looked sorrowful, but with an effort, she composed her face, and hopped down from the desk. “Ooohhh nooo, not again! Uh... I mean, yes sir! Yes, yes, yes, sir!”

Ms. Skie blinked, then her mouth hung open. “Whuzzah?”

The Hellmaster watched her silently. Nervously, Becky shuffled around the desk and rested her hands on the smooth top surface, sticking her bottom out. Despite her obedience, her anguish was still dreadfully apparent.

As the Hellmaster looked Becky right in the eyes, he sneered. “Good work on your posture. As a reward, you may have some cold cream later... assuming you don’t squander the privilege. Now, Becky, you are aware of the school’s punishment for lying, are you not?”

Becky tenses, struggling to remember the relevant section of the discipline manual. “Um... I know lying is forbidden, sir. I forget the exact details of my punishment.”

“Then I shall remind you. Lying is punished with six strokes of the ruler. Fortunately, you did not lie—you admit you forgot. I’m proud of you for that. You have, however, forgotten a school rule, and do you know the punishment for that?”

Becky’s buttocks clenched. “... Was it six with the ruler?”

“No, Becky. It was four with the ruler, which you will now receive. Furthermore, you gave an incorrect answer to my second question, which constitutes lying, so that’s earnt you a further six with the ruler.”

With that he stood, and circled the desk to stand next to Becky. Then he removed the clothespin which was holding up her skirt. “Let’s have this out of the way. I’d hate to hurt you… without purpose.”

Then he lifted the hem of her skirt and tucked it neatly into her waistband. Finally, he firmly tugged her knickers down to her thighs, baring her shapely behind, which was still a bright shade of rose pink.

Intrigued, Ms. Skiee strolled up to the other side desk. “Huh? Becky never speaks so politely when I ask her to—”

Then, Ms. Skiee affected an angry “Momma Bear” face. “I mean—what are you doing? *I said:* you’re not laying a finger on Becky’s behind without my approval. You said you were going to prove the effectiveness of spanking. I figured you had some peer-reviewed studies or something.”

Becky, meanwhile, was bowing her head low to the desk, her voice pleading. “Oh-please-oh-please-sir-it-was-an-accident-I-didn’t-mean-to-lie! I’m just… I am a dumb, forgetful blonde! Please, oh please, spare my poor bottom! I’m begging you! Oh no, no no! Oh, noooooez!”

“No,” said the Hellmaster, flatly. “Of course, Ms. Skiee, I must provide a demonstration of proper corporal punishment, to prove its efficacy. In accordance with *your* terms, I will not be laying a finger on her bottom. I will, however, be laying this *ruler* on her bottom, several times. And, in accordance with *my* terms, you will allow me to do it.”

He turned to Becky. “Becky, you are aware the appropriate position for begging is *not* bent over a table? You may adopt the proper posture for begging, if you so wish!”

Becky flopped off the table, dropping to her knees, blubbering. “Puh-leeze! I’m *begging* you! I’ll be good! I’ll try harder not to be a brainless, bone-headed bimbo! I really will!”

Then she grabbed the Hellmaster’s ankles and pressed her lips to his boots. Her mother watched in stunned silence.

The Hellmaster hummed, as if he was entranced by the sound of melodious music. “Very well, Becky. We will forgo the additional six strokes for *lying*. Now, resume the position for your first four strokes, for forgetting the school’s punishment code.”

Becky kissed his boots gratefully. “Oh, thank you, kind sir!”

As Becky stood, her skirt came untucked from her waistband, granting her a brief moment of modesty. Blushing slightly, she lifted her skirt daintily, reassumed her position at the desk, and fixed her skirt, tucking it all the way up and out of the way to present a clear target. Ms. Skiee blushed at the sight. “My, you’re so forceful. Authoritative and... *patriarchal!* I thought this was supposed to be a progressive education program?”

The Hellmaster tapped the ruler gently across Becky’s backside. “As you will see, we are making much progress. Now Becky, here they come!”

He raised the ruler and laid it forcefully across the upper portion of Becky’s ass cheeks.

Becky cried, then answered in a dry, monotone voice, as if on autopilot. “Eeeyooowlll! ... One sir, thank you sir!”

The second stroke landed just above the first, across the crown of her ass. Becky yelped. “Eeee-yipe! Two sir, thank you sir!”

The third caught her cheeks where they overhung her thighs.

Becky arched her back, choking. “Yoikes! Aaw, gawd! Three-sir-thank-you-sir! Ooow!”

The fourth and final stroke came straight down from above, flicking the edge of her cheeks with a brutal, stinging “sideswipe” strike. Becky sucked down a breath, and gasped out the final count. “Four... sir... thank you... sir!”

The Hellmaster spoke to Becky, but kept his eyes fixed on her mother. “Bravo Becky. As a reward for handling that punishment appropriately, you may have thirty seconds of rubbing time.”

He placed an egg timer on the desk. “Be back in position before the sand runs out.”

Becky immediately hopped up from the desk, grabbing her butt and howling as she danced in place. She was oblivious to how her bosom bounced up and down with each motion. Her dunce hat was now at risk of toppling off her head.

Content to let her dance, the Hellmaster returned to his seat, his eyes never leaving the egg timer.

Ms. Skiee stammered. “I’ve never seen anything like that. Becky used to throw a tantrum any time I had to so much as pull a splinter out of her finger, or wash her hair. She’s a precious little baby with no pain tolerance. What’s going on here, a practical joke? Am I being pranked?”

Still watching the timer, the Hellmaster drummed his fingers. “No, my dear woman. You are seeing the fruits of one week’s worth of appropriate discipline.”

“Ding!” went the egg timer.

Becky's eyes popped open, and she slammed her palms on the desk with surprising speed, obediently assuming the correct position. But as Becky listened to the timer ring, she shivered.

Now face-to-face with his victim, the Hellmaster eyed with a cold stare. "Becky, did I not say to be back in position *before* the time ran out?"

Becky whined. "Yes, sir... I tried! I tried to obey you, but–"

"And you know the punishment for disobedience?"

Becky scrunched her face, tears spilling down her cheeks. "*Another* spanking, sir! Oh, please please please, have pity on me!"

"We shall put that spanking on hold, for now. First, we have to prove the effectiveness of my methods. So, Becky, now that you know the penalty for lying, I am going to ask you some questions. And if you do not answer truthfully, I will know. Understood?"

Becky's buttocks shivered as she held it high. "Yessir!"

"Good. Now, first question: do you really want to do your homework?"

"No, sir! I hate doing my homework! But I'll do it! I'll do it all, just don't spank me!"

Ms. Skiee gasped. "But... she never does her homework!"

The Hellmaster stood, towering high above Becky. "Second question, Becky. Do you want to spend *another* week wearing nothing but that dunce hat?"

“No, sir! Anything but that, sir! I’ll do whatever you saaaay!”

THWACK!

With a lightning-quick motion, the Hellmaster reached around and slapped Becky’s upturned buttocks with both his bony hands, cradling them roughly between his long fingers. “Then, in lieu of that, how about I give you another solid spanking?”

Becky flinched, before her eyes popped open. “Ow! Um… uh… d-do you mean j-just o-one spanking, sir, instead of a week of enforced nudity?”

“No, not *just* any spanking. A *sound* spanking.”

Opening a cupboard drawer behind his desk, The Hellmaster produced a leather tawse, held it in front of the girl’s nose, and cracked it between his hands.

Becky’s face paled as she eyed the tawse. “T-those b-both sound awful, sir! Please, sir, don’t make me choose! If you’d j-just let me off with j-j-just the spanking I already have coming, I p-promise, I’ll be a good girl!”

Slowly, The Hellmaster strode back around the desk to stand beside Becky’s bare behind.

Ms. Skiee almost swooned. “My Becky? Promising to be a good girl? She always said being a goody two-shoes was major lame-o!”

CRACK!

Becky gasped as she felt the tawse impact against her upraised, abraded ass.

The Hellmaster raised his arm high, taking careful aim. “Those are your only two options. Go nude, or more of this!”

Again, he whipped the tawse across her hindquarters.

Becky stood on her tiptoes, then bounced on her heels. “Ow! Owow! Okay, okay, okay! I’ll take the enforced nudity! Not the strap! My backside is so sensitive! I can’t take this abuse!”

The Hellmaster gestured to the astonished Ms. Skiee. “You see? Through the appropriate application of punishment, Becky has been convinced to do something she did not wish to do. Therefore, you must agree to the effectiveness of corporal punishment as a tool of motivation.”

Ms. Skiee cleared her throat. “Erm… Well! That only proves that Becky will do something she doesn’t want to do if you threaten to hit her. You claimed that you’d prove to me that spanking is an effective method to *my* satisfaction. I’m hardly satisfied. I want to see some *real* proof. Be more convincing.”

She waved her wrist daintily and examined her permed nails. “That is, if you think you’re up to the task.”

The Hellmaster grinned. “Absolutely!”

Then, he grabbed the astonished woman by the wrist, sat on top of his desk, and pulled her over his knee.

Ms. Skiee squealed, flailing her fists against the man’s back. “Wah? Unhand me, you ruffian!”

But the Hellmaster easily held the older woman down, ignoring her protests. “We will start with a simple hand spanking and work our way up. Becky, your week of being naked starts in thirty seconds. You better be ready when it starts.”

Becky squeaked, then Becky started undressing. “Yessir!”

It was as if she was doing her best impression of Clark Kent changing into Superman, but without the phone booth. Soon, Becky stood fully nude except for her dunce hat, and collapsed her hands behind her head.

The Hellmaster nodded with approval at the sight, then turned his attention back to Becky’s mother. “Now, where were we? Ah, yes, I’m afraid we still have not been properly introduced. I am Hellmaster–”

Ms. Skie bucked and reared, one of her high heels snapping loose as she scraped her feet against the floor. “Lemme go, mother fucker!”

In answer, the Hellmaster brought his heavy hand down, hard, across the woman’d hindquarters. “That is the second time you have interrupted me. You have not introduced yourself. Please, tell me your name, *madame.*”

Ms. Skiee howled. “Argh! Fuck you! This is assault and battery! I’ll have you arrested for this!”

Becky shook her head, her eyes bulging. “No, Mommy! Arguing just makes it worse!”

The Hellmaster stroked his chin, watching Ms. Skiee’s child-bearing hips twist and wriggle atop his knee. “Yes. And we aren’t going to make much progress like this. Becky, be a gem and fetch your mother one of the paddles from my desk drawer. Then, go stand by the window where everyone can see you. Hands behind your head, dear.”

“Yessir! Right away, sir!”

Becky delivered the paddle to the Hellmaster, then marched her bare butt straight over to the window. “Sorry, Mommy. You’re on your own.”

As she spotted the paddle, Ms. Skiee’s eyes went wide. “How dare you! I’m a very important and powerful woman!”

The Hellmaster swung the paddle down hard, flat across the center of Ms. Skiee’s buttcrack. “Not any more. Here in Hell High, everyone is treated exactly as they deserve to be treated. And you, Ms. Skiee, are a brat who’s failed to teach her daughter properly. But we are going to teach you how effective this method is. Even if we have to break the paddle to do it.”

THWACK!

With that, the Hellmaster landed another thunderous blow, followed by another seven in quick succession.

After that, he increased the place again. And as the blows began to rain down thick, fast, and hard on her ass, Ms. Skiee screeched.

Meanwhile, Becky was quickly spotted by a group of students passing by the classroom window. Becky shook her head as she watched her classmates pull out their phones, but it was too late.

Already one of the hottest girls at Hell High, Becky had become famous across campus after her last period of enforced nudity. She could hear their phones buzzing from

behind the window, and already, more students were starting to gather in the open courtyard.

Becky's face turned beet red, but she pressed her nose (and breasts) flat against the glass.

"Becky, you may wave to the crowd and blow them kisses if you wish," the Hellmaster said.

Becky's shoulders tensed. Slowly she raised her hand to do the parade-float wave and blew kisses to the gathering crowd.

By this time, Ms. Skiee had managed to catch her breath. "Yow! Ow, ow ow! Quit it! I... I *demand* to see your manager! I'll sue! I'll have you canceled! Aaaagh! Oooowwwie!"

The Hellmaster chuckled, but didn't pause the paddling for a moment. "Use your blond head, dear. I am the Hellmaster of Hell High. I have no manager. Am I to assume from those words you want me to *stop* using this paddle?"

"Aaaiiiee! Yes, of course. Just stop, stop, staaahp iiit!"

"For it to stop, you first have to ask me *nicely* to stop."

Slowing his pace slightly, the Hellmaster delivered three solid strokes, using the full length of his gangly arm.

THWAP! WHACK! THWHOP!

Ms. Skiee's mature buttocks writhed from side to side, straining taut against her formal skirt. "Yeeeaaaah! Oh, *fuck* me! That smarts!"

He aimed a ferocious blow across the woman's lower butt cheeks, flattening them like two pancakes as he held the paddle firm. "I don't hear you asking politely."

"Ack! Okay, okay! I'm sorry! You can stop now!"

"Nope. You forgot to say please. Becky, you better not be covering up over there."

Becky stiffened, looking ruefully over her shoulder. "No sir... they say they can see everything."

Ms. Skiee roared, her voice accidentally slipping back into her old-school California valley girl accent. "Ow! Whaddaya want from me? Like, I *totally* said I was sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please, stop! Pretty please! Pretty please with sugar on top!"

"The proper form of address to one in my position would be either 'Hellmaster,' or else, 'Sir.'"

Feeling the paddle pressing flat against her behind, Ms. Skiee nodded furiously. "Yes! Yes, sir!"

"Excellent. Now, I don't believe we've been properly introduced. May I have your name, ma'am?"

"Huh? I'm Ms. Skiee!"

The Hellmaster delivered a quick pop with the paddle. "Is that your Christian name?"

"Eep! Eh, wah? I'm not a Christian!"

“Thank the powers that be for that. Let’s try another approach. What is the given name on your birth certificate?”

“Karen! I’m Miss Karen Skiee!”

“Karen? What a statistically probable, yet delightfully appropriate given name for a woman your age. Now, *Miss* Karen, would you like me to *please* stop this spanking?”

“Yes! *Please*, yes!”

With an amused look on his face, “See, that wasn’t so hard, was it? You have asked me politely to stop, and in accordance with school rules, I will. Provided you are convinced? You agree that we should follow the school’s disciplinary program, with respect to Becky?”

“Yes! Just stop! Whatever you say, sir!”

“Calling me sir already? Progress.”

“Yeah, yeah! I’ve learned my lesson and shit!”

The Hellmaster set aside the paddle, and reached back to open a drawer behind his desk. “Now, Karen, in accordance with school rules I have to stop spanking you with the paddle. However, to ensure you learn your lesson, the school rules—which may I remind you, you have just agreed to follow—allow me to remove any interfering materials.”

With that, he yanked her skirt up, revealing a pair of black panties, which bore the caption: “A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle,” along with an accompanying

cartoon illustration. Despite their plain color and unpromising slogan, they were surprisingly cheeky undergarments for a professional woman of her age.

Grabbing hold of the waistband, the Hellmaster tugged them lightly upward, giving the stunned woman a gentle wedgie. He held them firm, savoring the sight. “Think carefully. Should I take these *down*, Karen?”

Ms. Skiee gritted her teeth. “What? No, of course you should take them down!”

But as she heard her own slip of the tongue, she pursed her lips. “Uh—I mean—you need to ask for my consent first!”

The Hellmaster shook his head. “Incorrect. I’m afraid you are rather slow on the uptake. Though, I suppose we all know how you got promoted. Say, do you know what we used to say in London about the local girls who chased after the American allies?”

Ms. Skiee twisted her head from side to side, trying to get a glimpse of what was happening to her undergarments. “Eh? How should I know?”

“You haven’t heard this old one? It’s rather droll. If a lass was a bit of a slag, we used to say, ‘She has American panties.”

“... What? Why?”

“One Yank, and they’re off!” With that, he yanked her panties down to below her knees, in one, clean motion.

Ms. Skiee’s bottom was mature and shapely, but there was some noticeable cellulite. “Hey! This can’t happen to me! I’m a proud, feminist girlboss!”

The Hellmaster clapped his hand firmly across each exposed butt-cheek. “And you’re about to be a proud, feminist girlboss who won’t be sitting down for a week! Now rules prohibit me using the paddle again. But, most fortunately…” He picked up the tawse, dangling it in front of her head. “… I still have this. I find it’s less weighty than the paddle, but can produce a keener sting. Becky could provide you with smarting testimony of its effectiveness. ”

“The fuck is that thing?”

“A sentence I suppose you have used at every job interview since high school. This type of strap has many names. It’s commonly called a tawse, but we affectionately refer to it as ‘The Tickler.’”

“Huh? You’re gonna tickle me next? Please, not that! I have very sensitive, ticklish skin!”

The Hellmaster grinned evilly. “Maybe later. Right now though…”

CRACK!

As Ms. Skiee felt the tawse rip across butt, she immediately had a flashback to the time she had tried surfing in the middle of hurricane season as a teen.
“Yeeaaaaaaaaaaaooooooowwwwwwiiiiiieeeeeeeeee!”

Ms. Skiee forgot any semblance of propriety and began twisting, bucking, and kicking before blocking her buttocks with both hands. “Noooo! No more! No more, sir! I’ll behave!”

Rolling his eyes, the Hellmaster quickly pinned the woman’s flailing hands against the small of her back with his free hand, then raised the tawse high. “I’m afraid school rules insist that punishment spankings are handed out in blocks of six…”

SMACK!

Ms. Skiee's voice cracked. "Eek! Ommigaaaaawd!"

"You may of course interject a plea for mercy if you wish. You remember how Becky performed it?"

THWICK! By the time the third lash had landed, two angry red welts had risen across Ms. Skiee's buttocks, and a third quickly arose to join them.

Ms. Skiee hissed. "Ow! Oh, fuck this! Please, stop! Stop, sir! I'll do whatever you want! I can... I'll blow your dick! I'll sit on your face! I'll put on a bunny girl outfit! I'm fucking begging you!"

Clicking his tongue, the Hellmaster set aside the tawse, and pinched the puppy fat along her butt, giving it a sharp twist. "No, Karen, begging is when you're on your knees. So if you want to beg, down you get. See if you can remember how your daughter did it."

Ms. Skiee flopped off his lap, rolling on the floor as she rubbed her plump rump. As she picked herself up, she noticed the crowd of students watching her through the window, and clutched the Hellmaster's ankles. "Oh, please, sir! Let this be over! There are children watching! If news of this gets out on the world wide web..."

She clasped her hands together as if in prayer, her mascara running down her face. "... I'll be the laughing stock of my LinkedIn group!"

"I don't care. And you haven't offered me anything remotely interesting, Little Ms. Art-of-the-Deal. Earlier, I believe you made several intriguing suggestions, including wearing a certain outfit. What was it? Ah, yes, a bunny girl costume! What say we make a

deal? You will change into this amusing outfit, and wear it for a week. Furthermore, you implement my discipline techniques with Becky at home—something I will be checking up on—and in return... I will not spank you with the tawse any more. Agreed?"

Ms. Skiee eyed his crotch, looking conflicted. "Um... what about my other suggestions?"

"Honesty, Ms. Skiee, have you no shame? I am at work. We can negotiate the finer details of your surrender another time. Perhaps when I visit your home to check on your progress with Becky?"

By this point, Ms. Skiee had rested her cheek on the Hellmaster's lap, lightly brushing her lips against his pant leg. But something in the Hellmaster's stern tone snapped the once proud, strong, feminist girlboss out of her reverie. Finally, Ms. Skiee pouted. "Yes sir. You win. I'm convinced. Spanking is the most effective form of motivational discipline ever conceived by man! Just, please, don't spank me any more, Daddy... I mean, Mr. Hellmaster, sir!"

"Very well. If you don't want another six with the tawse, then get that stupid suit off at once. You know, I believe the theater department should have a vintage, Playboy bunny costume for you to wear. Check the storage closet. It's over there, right behind Becky."

As Ms. Skiee started to stand up, the Hellmaster gently cradled her across the back of her skull, and guided her head down. "Nah, ah, ah! You are supposed to be a bunny, remember? Stay on all fours for now, and get hopping!"

With a few playful pats, he goosed the woman towards the storage closet. With a little squeak of surprise, Ms. Skiee hopped, exactly like a bunny. Then, she heard a roar of laughter from the crowd gathered at the window. Glancing behind her, Ms. Skiee noticed that Becky was gently banging her forehead against the glass pane.

Although Ms. Skiee made several whiny, whimpering noises, she submissively crawled the rest of the way to the closet, and quickly located the bunny suit. It was a golden, low-cut unitard, complete with fishnet stockings, bunny ears, and a fluffy white tail. She tried to undress quickly without giving anyone a glimpse of her full moon. As Ms. Skiee stepped out of her formal suit, she tried to reach for the dreaded bunny costume, her hand trembling.

But the moment before she could grasp the bunny costume, the Hellmaster appeared from nowhere, and snatched her by the wrist. “Hold on! We’ve one last important matter to discuss. Pick up your clothes, fold them neatly, then place them on my desk."

Ms. Skiee quickly bent over to retrieve her work clothes. Then she tensed, and glanced over her shoulder. All the eyes of the crowd were fixed squarely on her naked backside. The Hellmaster scowled and aimed two claps at Ms. Skiee's thighs, just below the mottled red flesh of her buttocks. "Get to it."

Ms. Skiee squeaked, then power-walked straight to the desk, before remembering she forgot her clothing and quickly doubling back.

As a shadow loomed over her, Ms. Skiee's hair stood on end, and she turned to see the Hellmaster towering over her. "You may have these back after you have demonstrated proper behavior. Tell me, Ms. Skiee, what do you believe constitutes proper behavior for a woman your age?"

Ms. Skiee glaced down at her fully nude form, and saw her knees knocking. "Whatever you say, Mr. Hellmaster!"

"An excellent answer, Ms. Skiee. That proves you do indeed possess the *capacity* for reason. Now, you will recall that I said I wouldn’t spank you again... not with The Tickler. But you were quite rude and uncooperative during your first spanking. And

therefore, you're still owed a second spanking! I think I'll have you naked for this round."

Ms. Skiee dropped to her knees, clutching tight to the tall man's legs. "Oh, please, sir, you've made your point! My poor bottom is already so, so sore!"

Kneeling down, the Hellmaster scooped the plump little woman up by her armpits. "And it's about to get much, much worse!" Then he dropped her across his bent knee, propping her ass up high in full view of the window, and raised his hand high above his helpless target.

Then he paused, noticing that Becky was partially obstructing the watching crowd's view from the window. "Becky, you're crowding us. Give your mother and I some space, dear."

Becky nodded, but kept her face against the window as instructed, rocking back and forth the balls of her feet. "Yessir... um, you want me to just scootch over here so I don't block anybody's view from the window?"

"Of course, Miss Skiee. Just go stand in timeout on the opposite side of the room. Your Mummy can take centre stage for now. But better keep your nose pressed against that window, if you don't want to earn demerits for ignoring instructions."

The Hellmaster landed a quick clap across Becky's backside. "Move it, girl!"

"Eep! Yessir!" Becky tensed her shoulders, then shuffled sideways. The glass squeaked as Becky's nose and tits rubbed along the long, smooth surface. Outside, an entire mob of male and female students cooed in awe.

Ms. Skie groaned. "P-p-please!"

The Hellmaster watched Becky closely until she reached the end of her sojourn. Then, with a satisfied smirk, he raised his hand high and swung it down hard across Ms. Skiee's upturned ass.

SMACK!

Ms. Skiee bellowed. "Nuh? N-noooooo-ho! Not this again!"

"Correct, my hand again. Usually, the disciplinary manual recommends using a different implement for each stage of a graduated punishment. However, since this is clearly your first time being spanked, I will spare you the caning you would have gotten normally."

Ms. Skiee howled with fresh agony and humiliation. "Please, don't do this to me! Everyone can see me mooning them! They're all laughing at me! Waaaah!"

"Oh, stop that whining. It's unbecoming of a woman your age."

SMACK!

"I know your type. You always want to be the centre of attention. And now you are! Besides, I'm proving my point."

SLAP!

"Are you willing to do anything I tell you to stop this spanking?"

SHWHACK!

Ms. Skiee strained, then collapsed across his lap, weeping. “Oooh... Ow, ow, oooowww! Oh dearie, yes! Yes, sir! I’ll be good!”

“Alright then, prove it. Get up and get in that window. Hands on head, no covering.”

Ms. Skiee mewled like a kitten. “Yessir!” She hopped, skipped, and jumped towards the window and stood facing the crowd. You could hear her whine softly as the crowd cooed at the sight of her matronly breasts.

Noticing Becky, the Hellmaster beckoned her towards him with a finger. “Becky, get your ass back over here, too. Keep your nose against the wall.”

Becky squeaked all the way back to join them. Then the old man guided the two women to stand next to each other, stroking the mother and daughter along their shoulders. “Time for some quality mother/daughter time together. Half an hour, and if I catch either of you covering up...”

He clapped both their rears.

“We’ll show our window shoppers a two-for-two-for-one special. A caning, followed by a paddling.”

In sheer terror, Becky and Ms. Skiee both faced the window, closing their eyes to block out the sight of the watching eyes all around them. But they couldn’t ignore the murmurs of the crowd which carried through the clear glass.

By this point, word had spread around Hell High about the “parent-teacher conference from hell.” Ms. Skiee risked taking a peek, and saw a tall, muscular young woman eyeing them from the opposite side of the glass, holding up a camera. Another bespectacled

woman was taking furious notes in a journal, then took a flash photo with a polaroid camera. She wore a fedora with a card in the brim that read, “Press Pass.”

Becky cooed as she examined the onlookers. “Ooh! That’s Katie the Bulky! I think she’s livestreaming for her gamer channel. And that’s Holly the Nerd. You know, she gets good grades, but still gets spanked about as much as I do. Go figure.”

Ms. Skiee groaned. “Shut up, Becky!”

The two endured half an hour of quality mother-and-daughter time. Then, they heard an egg timer ringing behind them.

The Hellmaster looked up from a textbook.“That will do for corner time. Oh, Karen, dear? *Now* you may go and dress in your bunny suit. As for you Becky, back to your lines. Work at your own desk for now.”

With a distant expression, Ms. Skiee made her way to the closet, and slowly started to dress in her golden Playboy bunny costume.

Becky hummed softly as she retrieved her slate from her desk and sat down to write. Unfortunately, her humming caught the Hellmaster’s attention. “On second thought, I think the theater department might have a few more amusing outfits in storage. You two can play dress-up. Karen, look for a kitty-cat costume for Becky. I think felines are more in vogue for her generation than lagomorphs.”

Ms. Skiee blinked, as if awakening from a trance, and pulled out a fuzzy pink costume with cat ears. “You mean this thing?”

The Hellmaster smiled, then stood to eye his two hapless victims. “That’s the one. Oh, fear not, Becky. I won’t punish you for disobeying my instructions to remain naked for

the next week. As the head of the theater department, I can make an exception to enforced nudity requirements... but you'll have to lower the flap in the back."

Becky noticed the drop seat in the cat costume, and stepped into it eagerly. But just as she reached back to button it up, the Hellmaster snuck up behind her and slapped her ass. "Keep the drop seat down, Miss Skiee. Really, must I spell everything out?"

With a fitting caterwaul, Becky hopped in place, then quickly dropped her hands to reveal her bare bottom. "Yes, sir! No, sir! Uh... three bags full, sir?"

Ms. Skiee tried to fix the low cut bosom of her bunny costume, hanging her head in shame as she examined herself. But despite her age, there was still an adorable quality of shyness to how the middle-age woman carried herself in her new duds.

The Hellmaster patted the older woman across her bare shoulder. "Karen, dear, let's review our discussion. You now agree that Becky should be punished by a spanking for being naughty, correct?"

Ms. Skiee's bunny ears flopped back and forth as she nodded. "Oh, yes, Mr. Hellmaster. You're absolutely right! I think my daughter would definitely benefit from your disciplinary methods."

The Hellmaster put his hands along Ms. Skiee's waist, and pulled her close. "And who was the one at fault in our prior discussion? You, or myself?"

Ms. Skiee shuffled on her feet. "Me, Mr. Hellmaster, sir. I was entirely in the wrong. It's my fault I got spanked, not yours. I am a naughty little bunny girl, and I deserve to be spanked."

“Ah, that’s quite right. But isn’t there *someone else* who is to blame for all that’s happened to you today? Another naughty little girl, who deserves to be spanked?”

While Miss Becky Skiee looked suddenly nervous, Ms. Karen Skiee looked suddenly hopeful.

Bouncing with glee, Ms. Skiee looked back and forth from her daughter to the taller, older man. “Do you think I ought to give Becky her spanking right now? After all, if a student gets punished by her teacher, it’s only sensible that she be punished again by her mother!”

“Indeed she should. In fact, if you had not come to see sense on the matter, I would think we’d have to *revisit* our previous discussion, wouldn’t we, Karen?”

Ms. Skiee shielding her backside with one hand, sidestepping around the tall man towards her daughter. “Er… that won’t be necessary, sir! I do so hate arguing.”

Then, Ms. Skiee snatched Becky by the wrist, and started dragging her daughter towards the Hellmaster’s work desk. “Right! You heard the Hellmaster, Becky Skiee. Get your butt over here and bend over my knee, right now! I’ll teach you not to be a dunce in school. You’ve been a bad, bad pussy cat!”

Becky looked at her mother in horror, covering her mouth with a fluffy pink cat paw. “But, Mom! You’ve never hit me before!”

Ms. Skiee grimaced as she sat herself down on the hard wooden surface, then slapped her thigh. “My mistake. I assure you, it won’t be happening again.”

“But—”

With a huff, Ms. Skiee yanked her daughter closer. Becky nearly tripped, and was forced to catch herself on the desk, landing gracefully on all fours across her mother's lap. Ms. Skiee casually brushed aside the fuzzy pink tail on Becky's costume, casually brushed aside her platinum blond hair, then casually began to spank her daughter in earnest. "Mr. Hellmaster, is there an implement you'd recommend? I thought I'd start with my hand for a warmup, but I want to make sure Becky gets payback for getting my ass in… I mean, for not focusing on her studies."

"Well she's already had the ruler and a paddle today. But I think a wooden hairbrush would serve you well. Perhaps you have one in your handbag."

Ms. Skiee blinked, her hand frozen in midair. "My what?"

The Hellmaster grimaced. "Your… purse? I suppose that's your Americanized term for it."

Becky glanced over her shoulder. "What? That's what they call a hairbrush in the Yookay?"

Ms. Skiee landed a hard swat with her open palm. "No, you bird-brain, they call purses handbags. Only men carry purses in England, like the Robin Hood type characters. Now, I believe I left my hairbrush in…" Ms. Skiee stuck out her tongue as she rifled through her handbag, only to frown. "… in my other purse, at the hotel."

Becky clapped her cat-paw-gloved hands in delight. "Ooh! I have a hairbrush! It's in my purse! It's pretty and pink and…"

Becky's eyes popped open as she saw her pretty pink hairbrush float into the air, before landing in the Hellmaster's outstretched hand. Becky shook her head, fresh tears

budding in her eyes. “Hold on! I didn’t know what you wanted it for! Um… I had the right to remain silent! Yeow! Owwie!”

With a girlish giggle, Ms. Skiee resumed the hand spanking, peppering Becky’s posterior with ferocious speed. “Don’t worry, Mr. Hellmaster. I’ll see to it that Becky doesn’t sit comfortably for the entire rest of the year. Not until she shapes up her act in school, at the very least. As we say in the States, if you won’t learn your lesson at one end, you’ll learn it at the other!”

The Hellmaster slapped the hairbrush against his open palm. “Do they really say that, over in the colonies?”

Ignoring her daughter’s attempts to stutter and stammer out an apology, Ms. Skiee accepted the hairbrush from the Hellmaster. Humming pensively, the bunny-suited Karen patted the hairbrush across her daughter’s delightful derriere. “Hmm, now that you mention it, I suppose that’s mostly a red-state sort of thing.”

The old man chuckled. “Or rather, a red-*bottomed*-state sort of thing, mayhaps?”

Mewling in despair, the kitty-costumed Becky clenched her glutes, before the gentle strokes of the brush forced her to relax her tensed muscles. “Mommy… Please… I’ll be good, I promise!”

Ms. Skiee shushed softly, and continued to stroke the brush gently across her daughter’s buttocks. “There, there, Becky, I know you’re going to be a good girl, and work hard in school. But if you ever get me hauled into the Hellmaster’s office for a parent-teacher conference ever again, I’ll have to spank you.”

Becky purred as she felt the comforting gesture, and slowly lifted her bottom to accept the soothing massage. “Yes, Mommy, just stop spanking me, and I’ll never do it again! Never, ever–”

Immediately Ms. Skiee slammed the hairbrush down twice in quick succession. “Nope! You certainly won’t. But regardless, I *will* be spanking you again. Every. Single. Day!”

Becky wailed. “No, Mommy! No, no, no!”

Ms. Skiee cackled with delight as she started to spank harder and harder, then faster and faster. “Oh, yes, Becky! Yes, yes, yes! *I* got a spanking at school, so *you’re* getting a spanking at home!”

Becky groaned in despair, before her voice cracked, and she melted into gurgling, guttural cries.

The Hellmaster nodded, and approached the door. “Very good, ma’am. I’m glad you see it my way. Well, I’ll leave you ladies to it. See you tonight, Karen, dear.”

As Becky’s weeping devolved into uncontrolled ugly sobbing, Ms. Skiee froze, mid paddle stroke. “Uh, why am I seeing you tonight? Not that I mind, mind you, but–”

“To ensure you handle Becky’s discipline properly of course. And to ensure you’re *thoroughly* familiar with the disciplinary manual. After all, what’s good for the gosling…” He opened the door of his office, and stared at both women with hungry, vacant eyes. “… is good for the goose.”

As they felt the Hellmaster’s eyes on them, Becky and Karen both shivered. They felt an uncanny sense of cold all over their bodies, except for their rear ends.

At that particular moment, the two women's backsides were fearsomely hot.

[The End]